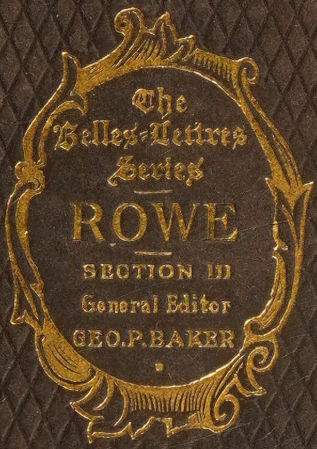
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SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

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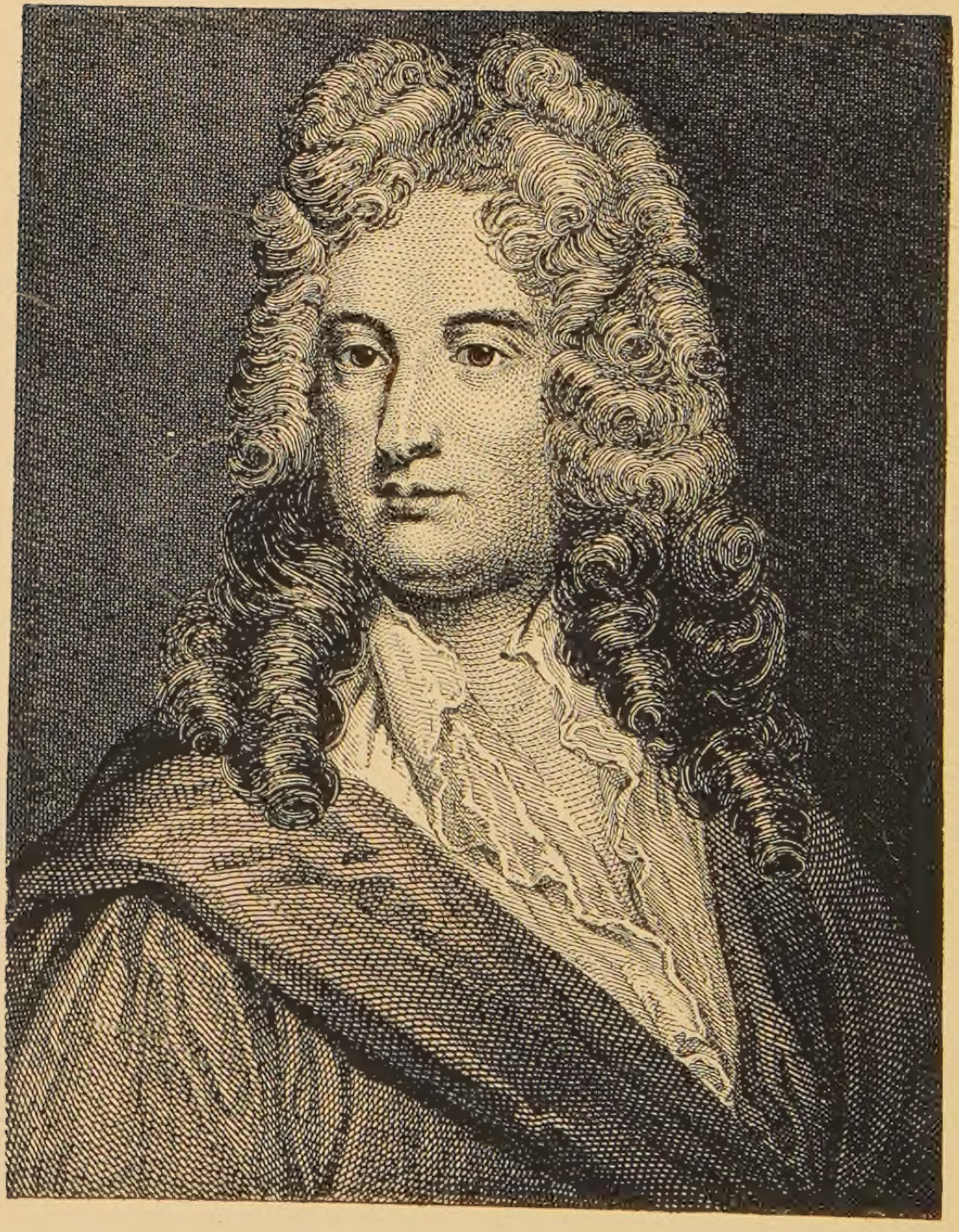

NICHOLAS ROWE

From a painting by Kneller

THE FAIR PENITENT

AND

JANE SHORE

By NICHOLAS ROWE

EDITED BY

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Biography

Nicholas Rowe was born in the house of his maternal grandfather at Little Barford, Bedfordshire, in 1674. His father, John Rowe, who was a sergeant-at-law of the Middle Temple, published in 1689 Benloe's and Dalison's *Reports of the Reign of James II.* He lies buried in Temple Church. Nicholas Rowe was first sent to a private school at Highgate, but in 1688 had the good fortune to be elected a King's Scholar at Westminster School, then under the sway of the energetic master, Dr. Busby. It was here that Rowe laid his excellent foundation in the classics and strengthened his innate love of poetry. His father, ambitious that the lad should follow his own career of the law, removed Rowe at the age of fifteen to the Inner Temple. In due time Rowe was called to the bar, but in spite of the friendship and commendation of Lord Chief Justice Treby, Rowe was drawn away from legal pursuits by the desire to write. The death of his father in 1692 left him a competency of three hundred pounds a year and enabled him to devote himself to dramatic literature, of which he was always exceedingly fond.

In 1700, at the age of twenty-six, he produced his first play, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, which was acted with applause by Betterton, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Barry. According to Cibber, Rowe fell in love with Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose efforts largely made the play a success. The action of the play is laid in Persepolis and the characters are Persian, but the plot is taken from the *Book of Kings*, — the story of Solomon's establishment on the throne. Congreve called it a very good play. It brought Rowe into acquaintance with the important literary men of his day.

In 1702, Rowe's second play, *Tamerlane*, was produced, the play on which Rowe valued himself most.[1] It was intended as a compliment to William III, whose moderation of character and virtues it represented under the name of Tamerlane, while the weakness and vileness of Louis XIV were set forth under the

1 T. Cibber, *Lives of the Poets*, III, 275 (1753).

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name of Bajazet. It was long customary in London and Dublin to present this play on the anniversary of William III's birthday, the fifth of November. In Dublin this occasion at the theatre was called Government Night, the Lord Lieutenant presenting the boxes free to all the ladies who could come. These performances were not discontinued until 1815, when the public began to tire of the caricature of monarchs so impossibly amiable as Tamerlane, and so grossly violent as Bajazet. In 1819 there was, however, a revival of the play with Macready as Bajazet and Kemble as Tamerlane. The excessive virtue of Tamerlane is commented on by Gibbon as without foundation in history or legend. It is needless to add that, though recalling a famous theme of Elizabethan drama, the hero bears no resemblance to Marlowe's.

With noticeable rapidity, Rowe brought out *The Fair Penitent* in 1703; his one attempt at comedy, *The Biter*, in 1704; *Ulysses* in 1706; and *The Royal Convert* in 1707. *The Biter* fell flat, though Rowe himself is reputed to have laughed immoderately during the performance of it. *Ulysses* is a somewhat involved and Frenchified version of the temptations that beset the virtuous Penelope. *The Royal Consort* concerns itself with characters in early English history, — with Hengist, Aribert, the Christian maiden Ethelinda, and the jealous Rodogune, — and is even more chillingly remote than *Ulysses*. Rowe's next play, and best play, *Jane Shore* (1714), was followed in 1715 by *Lady Jane Grey*, his last dramatic work. His friend Mr. Smith, of Christ Church, Oxford, had planned a play on this theme. Rowe took the idea from him, and from Mr. Smith's material made one scene for his own third act. This play and the preceding are in dialogue superior to all his other work. At the time of his death, he was contemplating a play on the *Rape of Lucretia*.

In political preferment, Rowe enjoyed a high measure of success. He was an ardent Whig, and in 1708 served for a short term as Under Secretary to the Duke of Queensberry, the Secretary of State for Scotland. On the accession of George I his fortunes rose rapidly. He was made Poet Laureate in succession to Nahum Tate in 1715. He soon became one of the Surveyors of the Customs for the port of London, and Clerk of the Prince of Wales's Council. When Lord Macclesfield was appointed Lord Chancellor, he in-

stantly made Rowe Clerk of Presentations. Death cut short his career at the early age of forty-four (1718). His old school-fellow and friend, Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, read the funeral services at Rowe's burial in Westminster Abbey. Pope wrote an epitaph which appears now in two versions.

All accounts of Rowe speak of his personal charm, his vivacity, and his genial, gay mood of comradeship. Spence tells us that Pope considered him the most delightful companion to spend a week with in Windsor Forest because of his unfailing high spirits. He read aloud famously, as Mrs. Oldfield testified in saying that it was the best part of her dramatic education to hear Rowe read her part in one of his plays. Rowe was an accomplished scholar, well acquainted with the classics, with French, Italian, and Spanish literature, and was a translator of distinguished merit. His translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, published a year after his death, is held to be of worth to-day. In consideration of this translation, Rowe's widow was granted a pension by the King. Rowe wrote occasional verse commemorative of the events of the day, odes, addresses to the King at New Year's, verses upon the sickness and recovery of Sir Robert Walpole, and some epilogues and prologues. As editor in 1709 of the first edition of Shakespeare after the folios, Rowe's work is of great importance. (*Vide Introduction*, p. xliv.) He was the friend of all the prominent eighteenth century literary men, and enjoyed great esteem for his talents.

Introduction

THE interest of Nicholas Rowe to-day lies chiefly in his connection with the renaissance of Shakespeare in the eighteenth century. As a dramatist, he was regarded by his contemporaries as the probable successor of Dryden; though posterity has not confirmed this opinion, Rowe has had a singularly long vogue on the stage, partly, perhaps, because it was his initial good luck that the important rôles in many of his plays should be associated with the most illustrious names among English actors. The tradition of the great parts created by Betterton, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Barry was passed on to Garrick, to Mrs. Siddons, to Macready and Kean. It was still memorable in the first quarter of the nineteenth century when *Jane Shore* offered challenge to aspiring young actors who wished to test their prowess by appearing in rôles in which great predecessors had won their laurels. Amazing proof of the vitality of the play in public interest is found in its steady repetition year after year in the century following Rowe's death. Indeed, down to 1880, when Genevieve Ward again played the leading rôle, performances of *Jane Shore* are within the memory of many who recall the power which the part had over audiences. A close rival was *The Fair Penitent*, in which Goethe acted in a German adaptation. In the last century, history records performances of *The Fair Penitent*, "the favorite drama of the town," in which Edward, Duke of York, and Lady Stanhope took the leading rôles in the "private theatre" on Downing Street. Dr. Johnson's praise is typical of the general attitude toward this

play: "there is scarcely any work of any poet so interesting by the fable and so delightful in the language." Both *Jane Shore* and *The Fair Penitent* were translated into French and republished up to 1825. It is worth while to examine plays which have held so many generations of theatregoers as *The Fair Penitent* and *Jane Shore*, especially when these plays are the most typical embodiment of eighteenth century theories of the drama. In them we can see reflected as in a mirror those habits of thought and feeling and expression in art form which mark the dramatic achievement of the Augustan age. To students of the drama, therefore, these plays must always have a significance and interest which is independent of their intrinsic merit as literature.

Though Rowe was an ardent admirer of the Elizabethans,[1] his love for them did not breed any fine under-

[1] The following are selected titles from *A Catalogue of the Library of N. Rowe, late Poet Laureate to His Majesty . . . which will be sold the 26th of August, 1719.* (The British Museum Collection of Pamphlets.)

ENGLISH FOLIOS.

Ben Johnson's Works.
Sir Thomas Browne's Works.
Prynne's King John.
Henry III.
Bacon's Natural History.
Orlando Furioso.
Bacon's Henry VII.
Fabian's Chronicle.
Hooker's Polity.
Hollingshead's Chronicle, 3d vol.
More's Philosophical Writings.
Shakespeare's Works (1632).
Beaumont and Fletcher's Works.
Hackluyt's Voyages.
Spenser's Works.
Prince Arthur.
Chaucer's Works.

ENGLISH QUARTOS.

Ben Johnson's Plays.
Dryden's Plays, 4th vol.
Plays of Shirley.
Heywood.
Shakespear.
Massinger.

ENGLISH OCTAVOS.

Congreve.
De Foe.
Davenant's Essays.
Betterton's Life.
Swift's Miscellanies.
Otway's Plays.
Gildon's Art of Poetry.
More's Philosophical Poems.
Waller's Poems.
Rymer's View of Tragedy.
Shakespear's Works, 7th vol. 1710.

standing of their purpose and temper; he was conditioned necessarily by the literary ideals of his own age. Both *The Fair Penitent* and *Jane Shore* are eighteenth century versions of Elizabethan dramatic methods. Rowe, as we know, planned an edition of Massinger, with the probable intention of doing for him what he did so successfully for Shakespeare. He got no further than taking the plot of *The Fair Penitent* from Massinger and Field's *The Fatal Dowry*. The difference between Massinger's play and Rowe's well illustrates the change in the drama from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century in the greater insistence on regularity of plot; but this regularity of plot seems to be purchased at the cost of vitality of treatment. Both plays have roughly the same characters, the same relationships among them, and the same general course of events, but Rowe greatly simplifies the action by beginning his play at what is the close of Massinger's second act. *The Fatal Dowry* opens with a scene of real dramatic pathos. Young Charalois (Rowe's Altamont), overwhelmed with grief that his father's body must, on account of debts, remain unburied, petitions the judges for clemency. When he sees them first, he is dumb under the stress of his feeling, but finally with deep eloquence recounts the services of his father, who, as Marshal of France, lost life and fortune in defence of the state. When he offers himself, as a last resort, to the creditors for the release of his father's body, the pure filial devotion of the youth is exhibited with sustained power. This "golden precedent in a son" so moves the hearts of the judges that one among them offers the needed money to Charalois and gives him at the same time his daughter's hand in marriage. With the Elizabethan love of spectacle and incident, Massinger introduces the funeral scene of the dead Marshal of France: Charalois, the son, at-

tended by his gaolers, is chief mourner; the old soldiers who fought in the wars receive now from this captive son spurs, scarf, cuirass, and medals as memorials of their great leader. The sympathy of the reader is strongly evoked in this whole scene for Charalois, built as it is around the love of son for father, and the contrast of great, heroic deeds against the pitiless avarice of creditors. Consequently, when misfortune overtakes him through his wife, the reader suffers with him in dread apprehension.

It is hard, on the other hand, to feel anything more than lukewarm interest in Rowe's Altamont, who, when the play opens on his wedding morn, invites the world somewhat pompously to rejoice in a happy bridegroom. We have no particular reason for caring for him, though his friend Horatio, with amiable repetition of what was known perfectly to both of them, recounts the story of Altamont's sacrifice for his father; the mere recounting of it, however, as a piece of information antecedent to the play, robs it of the strong appeal gained in Massinger's version by the actual representation of the incidents. It is strikingly characteristic of the eighteenth century that people should talk about things rather than actually do them on the stage. The practical result in Rowe's play is that only a general regard for ethics and decency makes the reader feel concerned when Altamont is deceived in his wife. There is a curious reversal in the importance of hero and villain in the two plays. Rowe makes Lothario, the villain, as Dr. Johnson shrewdly observes, occupy too much attention. His seductive charm is exploited with every lavish device of rhetoric, so that his name, since Richardson took him and transformed him into Lovelace, has become the synonym of the gay libertine. By centering so much interest on the betrayer,

Rowe makes the husband secondary, and the tragedy loses in dignity thereby. In the case of Calista, the heroine, Rowe has also changed the emphasis. He represents her as yielding to Lothario in a scene of hot, mawkish passion, elaborately recounted for its own sake. Then she marries Altamont. Massinger has saved the situation, in so far as such a situation can be saved, by a different mode of handling and of emphasis. Beaumelle, his heroine, marries in good faith, but through the machinations of an evil serving-woman, in the employ of Young Novall (Rowe's Lothario), she falls from virtue. Massinger makes Young Novall a contemptible dandy who triumphs rather by his cunning than by his personal charm or power of fascination. At the end, however, Beaumelle rises to true tragic dignity in her repentance, and, through her sin, sees her life with a sudden higher understanding of it. Her remorse is so genuine that her death does not merely suggest "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

The Fair Penitent, a title which could well fit Massinger's play, is a misnomer for Rowe's. There is lamentation on Calista's part and a grim acceptance of death for her fault as inevitable and just, but no accent of genuine contrition. That this shortcoming was recognized by some in Rowe's day as clearly as in our own is shown by a "Prologue sent to Mr. Row, to his new Play, call'd the F. P——, Design'd to be spoken by Mr. Betterton; but refus'd," in the British Museum collection of pamphlets. It is couched in language familiar enough to a generation that listened to Wycherly, and Congreve plays, but too brutally plainspoken for extensive quotation to-day. It points out that Calista

> "repents the slippery fault,
> But like the rest, it is not 'till she 's caught.

Dr. Johnson and contemporary critics who really admire *The Fair Penitent* admit rather reluctantly that Calista stands for little more than a warning that those who do not use "caution in the thefts of love" pay a sorry price for it. To be sure, Calista satisfies poetic justice by her death, — she would not be an eighteenth century heroine otherwise, but the experience does not bring her, as it does to Beaumelle, any inner regeneration. The final death scene in the two plays exhibits the authors characteristically. Rowe makes Calista's father present to her a dagger with stilted comment on the courage

> "That dwelt in ancient Latin breasts, when Rome
> Was mistress of the world,"

and so incites her to a self-inflicted death. Massinger's scene is more terrible, and yet in every way greater. He shows how the father, who, as a judge, is forced to pronounce doom on his daughter, breaks down utterly with a father's natural anguish, when Charalois, the husband, has executed the sentence. The human quality grips the reader in these last speeches as it never does once in Rowe's ending, especially in the father's cry :

> "But I pronounced it
> As a judge only, and a friend to justice ;
> And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,
> Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off
> The love and soft affection of a father.
> In your cause, put on a scarlet robe
> Of red-died cruelty ; yet, in return,
> You have advanc'd for me no flag of mercy.
> I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband ; but
> You closed your eyes against me as a father.
> O Beaumelle ! my daughter ! "

If Rowe, instead of appropriating the plot of Massinger and Field's play, had studied it in detail, he might have

learned some important things in play-writing; he might have learned what flesh and blood characters are; how much more convincing is the homely, robust directness of speech that springs straight from the feelings than the most polished but vapid generalities. It is true he was conditioned by the taste of his age, that our eighteenth century ancestors had an insatiate love for smooth rolling numbers, that distinctness in the conception and handling of character was not so definite a requirement then as now; for even up to our day plays like *The Lady of Lyons*, with no more differentiation of character from the broad type than Rowe's, have flourished. If Rowe shows no habit of concrete observation, no first-hand perception of life, he has invariable elegance of diction, with line upon line of moral sentiment that can be easily quoted, and a pleasant, worldly-wise sophistication of tone. But in spite of fair words and blandness, there is something meretricious in the emphasis.

On the purely technical side, a few points remain to be considered. The play opens with a device for giving antecedent material that is no less crude than the conventional servant dusting a room, and, apropos of nothing, reciting the family history. The discovery of a letter on which the whole plot turns is a poor resort for tragedy. The action of the play is strictly complete in the fourth act, and the fifth act is consequently an ineffective tag, as was pointed out by Rowe's contemporaries the first night it was acted. The appeal to melodramatic accompaniments is marked in the play, particularly at the beginning of the fifth act, where in a room hung with black, Lothario's body on a bier, a skull and cross-bones on the table, Calista sits during a song of some length. Such an assemblage of gruesome objects might well inhibit action, as it does in her case. *The Fair Penitent* betrays the

eighteenth century fondness for introducing songs, no matter what happens to the plot, a practice severely commented on by Gildon, who has enjoyed many a fling against Rowe's plays.[1] Speaking of *The Prophetess*, (a play "altered" from Fletcher by Betterton), he says, "How ridiculous is it in that scene where the great officers of the army stand still with their swords drawn to hear a fellow sing, — 'Let the soldiers rejoice!' — faith, in my mind 't is as unreasonable as if a man shou'd call for a pipe of tobaco just when the priest and his bride are waiting for him at the altar."[2] *The Ambitious Stepmother*, Rowe's first play, and *The Fair Penitent* are the two in which this alien interest of song obtrudes itself.

An amusing incident interrupted the performance of *The Fair Penitent* when it was first brought out. Powell, who took the part of Lothario, was represented on the bier by his servant Warren, lying in state, with all the trappings of death upon him. "Powell, forgetting the situation of his man, and requiring his services, shouted loudly for him, and Warren as loudly replied: 'Here, sir!' from the stage. Powell then roared, 'Come here this moment, or I 'll break all the bones in your skin!' and Warren, knowing his irascible master would in all likelihood do his best to keep his promise, jumped up with all his sables round him, which unfortunately were tied fast to the handles of the bier. The audience, of course, roared with laughter, and Warren, growing desperate, dragged the bier after him, knocked down Mrs. Barry who played Calista, and, with a final frantic effort, burst his bonds and rushed off the stage. The curtain

[1] *Vide The New Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger, being an examen of seven of Mr. Rowe's plays.*

[2] *A Comparison between the two stages*, p. 50.

fell amid 'immoderate fits of laughter'; even the grave Mr. Betterton 'smil'd in the tumult, *and enjoyed the storm.*' But he withdrew the Tragedy until the memory of Warren's escapade had faded somewhat from the popular mind." [1]

In spite of inherent defects, *The Fair Penitent* won enormous fame in its day. It was translated into French, and was acted by Goethe in a German adaptation from Rowe. Dr. Johnson has been lavish in praise of it. Horatio was one of the favorite parts of Betterton, who, it is to be hoped, made Horatio's bitter unforgivingness toward Altamont at the end of the play seem more plausible than it does to the modern reader. Mrs. Siddons was a famous Calista. Garrick played Lothario, and Macready, Altamont. Of Garrick's acting in *The Fair Penitent*, Cumberland gives an interesting account: "Quin [Horatio] rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference that seemed to disdain the plaudits bestowed on him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitatived Rowe's harmonious strain somewhat in the manner of the improvisatore; — it was like a long legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming to the ear without variation or relief. . . . But, when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light, and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio, Heavens what a transition! It seemed as if a whole century had been stepped over in the changing of a single scene — old things were done away, and a new order at once brought forward, light and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry

[1] Lowe, *Life of Betterton*, p. 173.

of a tasteless age, — superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation." [1]

Cumberland's last phrase, imposing declamation of style, strikes the keynote of Rowe's work. His plays were written for imposing declamation in accordance with the taste of his day, — a fact which must ever be borne in mind in a final estimate of Rowe's work. His reputation was due primarily to his style and diction, which charmed the ear by its suavity and by its polished vivacity of manner. It is for these reasons that passages from his writings were so generally committed to memory by our ancestors and quoted. His verse always smacks of the Town, and has much of its elegance and ease, its aphoristic wisdom and terseness. To tax it for lack of imaginative beauty, for lack of insight into the deeper issues of life, for its inability to suggest the richer emotional associations that the Elizabethans compacted into their phrasing would be to tax it for qualities which the eighteenth century lays no claim to. Of its kind, with the limitations its kind imposes, it is excellent. It is true beyond cavil, as Dr. Johnson says, "Rowe seldom pierces the breast, but he always delights the ear."

Eleven years after *The Fair Penitent*, Rowe brought out his best play, *Jane Shore*, a tragedy written as he tells us on the title-page "in imitation of Shakespear's style." In what the imitation consists, nobody has ever been able to discover. Pope in *The Art of Sinking in Poetry* [2] sneeringly suggests the resemblance lay in one single line,

> "And so good-morrow t' ye, good master lieutenant." [3]

[1] *Memoirs of Richard Cumberland*, p. 60. London, 1806.

[2] Chapter of *Imitation*, p. 226. London, 1741.

[3] The line as Rowe wrote it is: "And so good-morning, good master," etc.

To a person of Pope's habits of accuracy it of course matters little that the line nowhere occurs in *Jane Shore*, but is found in another play, *Lady Jane Grey*. Others have reminded us that the only evidence Rowe had ever read Shakespeare is confined to his use of two expletives, — "By my halidomes" and "By the roods." These strictures are in a general way quite true, but the play is none the less interesting as an expression of an eighteenth century point of view on Shakespeare. According to Pope, too, it was an absurdly easy thing for Rowe to write a play on the model of plays of a barbaric age which knew not the rules and indulged in every form of literary license.

A peculiar glamour of romance has always centred about Rosamund and Jane Shore, the two famous royal favorites. Addison chose one as the subject of his opera, *Rosamund* (1707), and Rowe the other as the subject of his tragedy, *Jane Shore* (1714).

The historical Jane Shore was the wife of an ordinary, well-to-do citizen of London, who by her charm attracted the attention of Edward IV, whose mistress she became. Sir Thomas More describes her in her youth as proper and fair; "nothing in her body that you wold haue changed, but if you would haue wished her somewhat higher, . . . Yet delited men not so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behauiour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write, mery in company, redy and quick of answer." All accounts unite in praising her for her unstinted devotion to the poor and the oppressed and her service in all just causes. More is touched by the misery of her closing years, for she was alive at the time he wrote, and remarks: "For men vse if they haue an euil turne, to write it in marble: and whoso doth vs a good tourne, we write it in duste,

which is not prouved by her : for at this day she beggeth of many at the day living, that at this day had begged if she had not beene." This sentence holds a theme which has evidently caught the interest of dramatists ; Jane Shore exhibits most strikingly the reversal of fortune which, since the days of Aristotle, has been a recognized dramatic motif of the highest value. At Edward IV's Court, Jane Shore had wielded so great an influence that she was a kind of political figure, and became at once the object of relentless persecution from the new King Richard III. After Edward's death, she was protected by the powerful Lord Chamberlain, Hastings, with whom she lived. Richard III began a systematic attack on all who had been associated with the late King : Lord Rivers, the Queen's uncle, and Sir Richard Grey, the Queen's son by her first marriage, he had executed at Pomfret ; against Hastings he trumped up a charge of treason, and had him beheaded ; the Queen and Jane Shore he accused of practising damnable witchcraft on his arm. He summoned Jane Shore before the Council, and ordered all her goods confiscated, but this charge was so patently flimsy that he had to fall back on the accusation, which none could deny, of irregular life with the late King. For this he gave her over to the Bishop of London to require her to do public penance by walking to St. Paul's in a sheet, taper in hand.

It is commonly supposed that she found a new protector in the person of the Marquis of Dorset, stepson to Edward IV. In Rymer's *Fœdera* [1] there is a proclamation by Richard III, dated at Leicester, 1483, offering a reward for the capture of the Marquis of Dorset for sinful living with Jane Shore. Since Richard III was by no means a strict moralist, this was in all probability

[1] Vol. xii, p. 204.

a pretext for moving against a powerful noble, who might join in Buckingham's rebellion. Richard confined Jane Shore in Ludgate Prison until the end of his reign, but her potent charm soon won her a new supporter in the person of the King's solicitor. A letter of Richard's in the Harleian MSS. urges the Bishop of Lincoln to dissuade this Thomas Lymon, "marvellously blinded and abused with the late (wife) of William Shore now being in Ludgate by our own commandment" from carrying out his contract of matrimony with her. The wise Lymon, who had received favors from Richard, desisted from pressing his suit. Jane Shore finally died, as has been said, in obscurity and poverty, having lived after her downfall through two years of Richard III's reign, twenty-four years of Henry VII's reign, and eighteen years of Henry VIII's reign.

A great mass of literature has grown up about her story. Among the better known, Churchyard has written of *Shore's Wife* in the *Mirror for Magistrates*;[1] Drayton has written *An Epistle of Mistress Shore to King Edward the Fourth*;[2] in an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection is a ballad to the tune, "Live with me": *"The woeful lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime King Edward IV, his concubine."*[3] From Henslowe's *Diary* we know of a play, not extant, *Jane Shore*, by Chettle and Day, acted at the Rose in 1602. Scenes portraying Jane Shore occur in *Richard III*, in *The True Tragedie of Richard III*, in Heywood's *Edward IV*. The primary source, as has been

[1] *Mirror for Magistrates*, Hastlewood, ed., 1815, p. 461.

[2] *Englands Heroicall Epistles*, p. 73, *Publications of the Spenser Society*, Issue no. 46.

[3] *Vide Percy's Reliques*, p. 258; also Halliwell's *Notices of Popular Histories*, *Percy Society Publications*, vol. xxiii, p. 38.

suggested, is Sir Thomas More's life of Richard III, originally written in Latin in 1509–1513; an English translation of this appeared in Hardyng's *Chronicle* in 1543; Hardyng's version was taken over by Hall in his *Chronicle* in 1548 and slightly altered; it in turn, with some further changes, was adapted by Holinshed in his *Chronicle* (1577).

Richard III, attributed to Shakespeare and Marlowe, is based directly on Holinshed. In this play most of the characters in Rowe's *Jane Shore* appear, and in the main fill the same function, — Gloucester, Hastings, the Duke of Buckingham, Radcliffe, Catesby, and the Bishop of Ely. Shakespeare has Hastings, who has been imprisoned through the Queen's enmity, released on the solicitation of Jane Shore. After showing Hastings' determination to stand by the princes, Shakespeare presents the Council scene in which Gloucester denounces Hastings as a traitor and talks of witchcraft; point by point Rowe corresponds in his treatment of the same moment. Nothing could furnish a more suggestive study than a comparison of Shakespeare's scenes and Rowe's as showing the measure of difference in the power of a creative mind to individualize even minor incidents to the point where they have convincing reality. The details of the Pomfret execution, of Gloucester's asking, at the Council scene, for a dish of strawberries from the Bishop's garden, of Hastings' meeting with a priest who is going to shrive some one, are all made in Shakespeare's hands to yield rich dramatic and human significance. While preserving the same general outline of facts, it is just such detail that Rowe omits. Since Shakespeare's play is subordinated to Richard as the centre, it is natural that Jane Shore herself should figure in it quite incidentally. The Hastings scenes, on the contrary, are fuller than in

Rowe, and have emphasis on the irony of Hastings' fancied security and real peril, on his political relation rather than on the story of his affection.

The earlier play known as *The True Tragedie of Richard III: wherein is showne the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower; with the lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example of all wicked women*, gives greater prominence, as the sub-title indicates, to the subject of Rowe's play. The play opens with the death of King Edward IV and the news of Gloucester's appointment as Protector, which Jane Shore hears of with great distress:

> "Ah, me, then comes my ruine and decaie,
> For he could never abide me to the death."

The incident of the Pomfret execution with which Rowe's play opens in casual reference, and which Shakespeare touches only slightly, receives full treatment here and is followed fairly soon by the Council scene as given by both Shakespeare and Rowe. The three plays agree so closely in this scene with each other and with Sir Thomas More that it is interesting to set them side by side in parallel columns as a study in dramatic technique.[1] Shakespeare's version is fuller and is made more dramatic by the effective use of contrast and concrete dialogue. After the scene of Hastings' death, a long monologue by Jane Shore declares to the reader that the Protector has confiscated her goods and has imposed the extreme penalty, that no one shall succor her. Reference to the public penance is omitted, but instead is given a scene of peculiar dramatic effectiveness in which Jane Shore is spurned by three people, one after another, whom she has specially befriended and who have earlier

[1] *Vide Appendix A*, pp. 221–238.

in the play protested undying gratitude toward her. This scene is a counterpart in motif to the Alicia scene at the close of Rowe's play. Neither in the *True Tragedie* nor in *Richard III* is there anything about Jane Shore's husband or the circumstances of her going to Court.

This portion of Jane Shore's life is developed in Heywood's *The First and Second Parts of King Edward the fourth, contayning his merrie pastime with the Tanner of Tamworth, as also his love to faire Mistress Shore, her great promotion, fall and miserie, and lastly the lamentable death of both her and her husband.* Mr. Ward in his excellent history of the drama says Heywood's play seems to have been unknown to Rowe. It has, however, more material similar to Rowe's than either of the other plays or Sir Thomas More's account, and furthermore, we know from the British Museum catalogue of Rowe's library, that Rowe owned a copy of Heywood's plays. To be sure, ownership of a book does not necessarily imply acquaintance with it; but the fact remains that the two plays are akin in material, though they are as unlike in details of treatment as Rowe's style is unlike Shakespeare's style, which he avowedly professed to imitate. Heywood's play gives practically the life-story of Jane Shore, beginning with her first meeting with the King on a royal visit to the Lord Mayor of London, and ending with her death by her husband's side. Instead of narrating, as Rowe does, that Jane Shore was tireless in errands of mercy, Heywood lets us see her busy among the people with tender helpfulness, relieving her own husband without knowing him, though his pain is heightened by the sense that she should be the chosen instrument for saving him. As evidence of her humility, he quite daringly brings her into the presence of Edward's Queen, who reproaches her at first for stealing

her husband's love, but is soon won to forgiveness by Jane Shore's agony of contrition and her essential sweetness of nature. In other words, all that Rowe puts into lines of formal description, Heywood enacts through connected incident which shall vividly build in the impression. In making over Massinger's *The Fatal Dowry* into *The Fair Penitent*, Rowe followed the same procedure of rejecting in the Elizabethan dramatist the action through which the character attained to life and individuality, and substituting instead pages of descriptive epithets. The French fashion of narrating instead of doing on the stage had taken deep hold on Rowe.

As would be expected of a dramatist in the period when Aristotle's and Bossu's rules held supremacy, Rowe is careful about his plot, which is in *Jane Shore* regular and well articulated. The exposition at the beginning sets forth the situation skilfully, and with good economy. By the end of the first act the reader has a clear indication of the nature of the complication on which the other acts are built: he knows Jane Shore's connection with Edward and her forlorn state since Edward's death; her remorse for her deserted husband; Gloucester's ambition for the kingship and designs against Edward's children; Hastings' support of Edward's heir and less commendable devotion to Jane Shore; Alicia's love for Hastings, which shall make her an instrument of jealous fury when she finds out Hastings' inclination to Jane Shore. Here in a nut-shell is sufficient entanglement of interests to make an excellent plot, and as a piece of play-writing it is a very creditable first act, except for the length of some speeches. The later acts unfold in causal sequence the situations that are bound to arise in such a conflict of purposes. Indeed, on the side of plot-building, Rowe must be acknowledged in this play to be a careful archi-

tect. His plots elsewhere, however slender, have the eighteenth century virtue of regularity.

But the best of plots in logical articulation cannot cover thinness of character-drawing. It is in the handling of character that Rowe is most inadequate. His people are little more than vehicles for the expression of a certain type of sentiment and moral reflection, or for the expression of that which the exigencies of a situation demand. There is only one kind of dramatic motif that seems to appeal to Rowe, and this necessarily limits his range of characters, — the tempting of a virtuous woman by some libertine. There is always, as in *Jane Shore*, the plaintive figure of a woman who resists unwelcome advances, who calls on heaven to defend her purity, upbraids man for his lustful desire, and protests to the unheeding firmament that death is to be preferred to dishonor. Again and again she makes her moan in precisely the same key, in the same declamatory spirit. There is no differentiation in the women, no individual color in the reaction which the temptation brings to each personality. Penelope wards off Eurymachus in *Ulysses*, Amestris wards off Mirza in *The Ambitious Stepmother*, Calista upbraids Lothario in *The Fair Penitent*, with the same profuse and ringing rhetoric with which Jane Shore addresses Hastings. It is hard, therefore, to feel moved by their agony of distress when it vents itself in outcry against the wrongs which woman in general suffers at the hands of man in general, and breaks under the strain of its own tension into some such dramatic finale as:

> "Oh shame! Oh modesty! Connubial truth
> And spotless purity! Ye heav'nly train!
> Have I preserv'd you in my secret soul,
> To give you up at last? . . .
> Oh, never! never! let me first be rack'd,
> Torn, scatter'd by the winds, plung'd in the deep,
> Or bound amidst the flames."

It was this tone of high sentiment that delighted Rowe's contemporaries and won fame for him as a master-hand in the portrayal of women. Rowe himself felt, as the eighteenth century quite generally did, that Shakespeare had power in the handling of men, but failed with women;[1] when Voltaire made charge that the English could not in their drama portray love, it was Otway, Rowe, and Southerne[2] who were cited in proof that our stage could excel in the tender passion as well as in bloodshed.

Rowe's failure in the characterization of both men and women, as we view it to-day, is due to his hopeless lack of concreteness. Nowhere are there those little touches that express the very savor of human life, such as abound in Heywood's play. For instance, when Jane Shore has been proclaimed outcast by Gloucester, Heywood gives a charming picture of her serving-boy Jockie and his companion, "under colour of playing at bowles," breaking bread and cheese to give surreptitiously to her. The homely devotion of the lad and the interplay of feeling in the scene does more to breed in the reader's consciousness a vital sense of Jane Shore's being than any number of Rowe's usual twenty-line speeches. Rowe is so thoroughly imbued with the Restoration conception of a character as expressing one sort of mood only that his people lack the infinite variety of life. Alicia is a case in point. She is all one thing, untempered fury and ranting madness, "a character of empty noise," as Dr. Johnson calls her. Gloucester loses the matchless dash and brilliancy of evil that he has in Shakespeare and is just the dissembling villain. Hastings, who is half bully, half martinet, falls far below the Hastings of *The True Tragedie of Richard III*, and dwells in rhetorical re-

[1] *Vide Prologue* to *The Ambitious Stepmother*.

[2] Lounsbury, *Shakespeare and Voltaire*, p. 139.

moteness. Shore and Belmour are handled with an honesty of sentiment that makes strong dramatic appeal and comes with the force of direct pathos; it is easy to believe that, were their parts well acted, they might be moving and significant. Yet the characters as a group are too florid of speech and too slabsided to grip the reader deeply.

The reader of *Jane Shore* wonders how an editor of Shakespeare could fancy this play bore any resemblance to the work of the great dramatist. Evidently in the eighteenth century there was no very clear conception, even by those who valued him most, of what Shakespeare stood for. Some of the reasons for the warped understanding which men had of his genius, so far as these are expressed in the current criticism of the day, are worth considering.

Shakespeare was "without the smallest spark of taste and devoid of the remotest idea of rules" is the famous dictum of Voltaire. But this was not merely the view of a foreign writer; in one form or another it is found repeated in every one of the critics in England from the Restoration to Dr. Johnson. They felt Shakespeare's power over the imagination and over the emotions, but every known rule of art which they worshipped, he violated. When they praised him most, they were obliged at the same time to excuse his defects on the ground that he lived in a barbarous age. There was in short no place in their critical code for his "irregularities." To the professional taste of the eighteenth century he did, indeed, present many and startling irregularities. This professional taste rested on a theory of literary art supposedly derived from Greece and Rome, but it is safe to say that no one of the ancients, had he returned to life, would have recognized it. The principles owed their origin, to

be sure, to Greek and Latin writers, but in their emphasis and application they had suffered a peculiar distortion at the hands of modern commentators, chiefly Italian and French. It has been customary to speak of French influence as the cause of the prevalence of these rules of art in drama and in criticism for the hundred years following the Restoration, but the case unhappily is not covered by any so simple formula. From very early beginnings, indeed from the time Renaissance influence was first felt in England, the growth of classicism as a critical theory went on steadily. In the eighteenth century it blossomed out into full flower; then, for the first time, the classical theory was consistently carried out in English drama.

The earlier statements of these principles which controlled the drama in the time of Rowe are not without significance. As far back as George Whetstone, in the Dedication to *Promos and Cassandra* (1578), we find a valiant stand made for the unities and condemnation of tragi-comedy. The Englishman, he asserts, is most "indiscreete" and "out of order" in the conduct of his plays; "in three howers, rounes he throwe the worlde, marryes, gets children, makes Children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder Monsters, and bringeth God from Heauen, and fetcheth Diuels from Hel. . . . Manye tymes they make a Clowne companion with a Kinge; in theyr graue Counsels they allow the aduise of fooles; yes, they use one order of speach for all persons: a grose Indecorum." Ascham, writing a little later, clearly recognizes but one infallible criterion for tragedy, that it should be "able to abide the true touch of Aristotle's precepts and Euripides' examples." Sidney, too, in less crabbed but in no less unmistakable fashion complains of "tragedies and comedies observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful poetry, excepting *Gorboduc*," but even

this tragedy is "faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal action. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed on it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common sense, but one day: there is both many days and many places inartificially imagined." He inveighs picturesquely against the scene shifting from Asia to Africa and back again to Rome, against the absurdity of a child growing from infancy to manhood in the space of two hours, against thrusting in clowns by head and shoulders "to take part in matters majestical." We have in Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, as a recent critic has pointed out, "an almost complete theory of neoclassic tragedy, a hundred years before the *l'Art Poetique* of Boileau." [1]

To come down from Sidney to the days of Shakespeare is, curiously enough, to find in this, the great period of the romantic drama, a marked strengthening of classical tendencies in criticism. Ben Jonson, Shakespeare's contemporary, through his unique and commanding personal influence, his splendid fighting quality in a cause that enlisted his interest, practically set the standards that prevailed for the next one hundred and fifty years. Seldom has a man more deeply put on his generation the impress of his artistic views, and these were frankly classical in intention. He believed in the rules, believed in following Aristotle, Horace, Quintilian, and Seneca, not slavishly, perhaps, yet clearly enough to bear their unmistakable stamp. There is no doubt in his mind that the drama needs "a Daedalus to guide her." *Volpone or the Fox*, *Epicœne or the Silent Woman*, and *The Alchemist*, his three greatest comedies, observe the unities

[1] Breitinger, *Les unités d'Aristote avant le Cid de Corneille*, p. 37. (1895.)

of time, place, and action with increasing strictness. In tragedy he allows himself greater freedom, but it is his boast, and the boast of his contemporaries, proud of what he had done to reform the drama,[1] that he wrought, —

> "As best critics have designed ;
> The laws of time, place, persons, he observeth,
> From no needful rule he swerveth." [2]

The whole race of "Tamerlanes and Tamerchams," with their endless adventures and romantic freedom, their "scenical strutting and furious vociferation," [3] he would have swept off the earth in the interest of a drama built along the severer and simpler lines of the ancients.

At the time of Dryden, these classical tendencies completely took possession of the stage. In our criticism they had always flourished and to some extent had appeared in our drama, but henceforth in the drama they were to dominate and to receive enormous reinforcement from the French influence. It has been customary to speak of "the rules" almost as if they were imported from France by King Charles along with other undesirable impedimenta in his train. But such a view is entirely unhistorical and ignores a very considerable body of critical opinion in England, which had been formulated under the inspiration of the Italian Renaissance commentators on the theory of the drama. Some reference to this body of opinion has already been made ; Dryden exemplifies it still further, and exemplifies the new principles of French taste, with the special modification

[1] "Whose judgement was 't refin'd it ? or who
Gave laws by which hereafter all must go,
But Solid Jonson ?"

Owen Feltham (1602 ?–1688), quoted by Lounsbury, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, p. 35.

[2] *Prologue* to *Volpone*.

[3] *Discoveries*, LXV.

it involves. Though Dryden was a lover of Shakespeare and wavered in his allegiance to the rules, he could not resist the dominant theory of his day, and took "his lights," as did his contemporaries, from Aristotle and Horace, Ben Jonson and Corneille. In the preface to his *Troilus and Cressida*,[1] *or Truth Found Too Late*, he remarks very characteristically: "I undertook to remove the heap of rubbish under which many excellent thoughts (in Shakespeare's play) lay buried. Accordingly I new modelled the plot, threw out many unnecessary persons. . . . I have so ordered them [the scenes] that there is a coherence of them with one another; no leaping from Troy to the Grecian tents and back again in the same act." Later he adds: "In the mechanic beauties of the plot, which are the observation of the three unities, time, place, and action, they [Shakespeare and Fletcher] are both deficient, but Shakespeare most. Ben Jonson reformed these errors in his comedies." At the end of the play, with punctilious exactness, Dryden metes out punishment to the characters according to their desert and the demands of poetical justice. He notes with dismay that in Shakespeare "Cressida is false and is not punished!" In much the same mood in his *All for Love*, a reshaping of Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Dryden confines the action to twenty-four hours, as against Shakespeare's generous ten years, omits two thirds of the characters, and makes a close *liaison* of scenes, but in this simplification, he loses the splendid human quality. Shakespeare's tragedy of mature love, with its poignant insight into human character, becomes a drama of situation. Cleopatra is a Restoration heroine who stands for one single trait, and Anthony loves and goes on loving without any inner change. After the supremely intimate

[1] 1679, about the middle of Dryden's dramatic career.

revelation by Shakespeare of struggle and growth in passion, joined with intellectual cognizance of it, Dryden's play, with its theatrically effective scenes, seems all external. In Dryden's tragedies he is orthodox in that there is no mingling of clowns and kings, in that plots are well ordered, and "decorum" everywhere observed. For convenience the chief points in the dominant critical code may be summarized as, the observance of the unities of time, place, and action; the exclusion of fools, clowns, and comic scenes from tragedy; the exclusion of villains as heroes of tragedies, and of all but people of rank as important characters in tragedy; the observance of strict poetic justice. For one hundred years after the Restoration these rules governed pretty generally the practice as well as the theory of the serious drama. They constitute the pseudo-classical creed.

The effort to revive Shakespeare after the Restoration meant to revive him in accordance with these principles of the pseudo-classical creed. In the half-century following 1660 some twenty-five of his plays were "adapted" for the theatre, either by taking the material outright for a new play, or by modifying or "improving" the original. We shall have a truer measuring-rod for Rowe's "imitation" of Shakespeare, if we observe the treatment Shakespeare's plays received at the hands of literary men of that day.[1] It serves better than anything else can to show the gulf that divides the sixteenth from the late seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, — the change of mood in the English drama.

In applying the pseudo-classical tenets, the first difficulty the dramatists found with Shakespeare was with his plots. In the interests of the severer and more closely woven design of the ancient drama, they reduced the

[1] *Vide Appendix B*, pp. 244–247.

compass and abundance of Shakespeare by lopping off episodes and characters; in lieu of the material omitted, they inserted a love-story, preferably with a happy ending. Tate's adaptation of *King Lear* (1680) is an excellent illustration of what the dramatists felt was needed to bring Shakespeare into conformity with the rules and the refined taste of the age. Following the example of Corneille and the admired French models, Tate introduces love-scenes wherever he can, and drops out the fool as an undignified figure for tragedy. "To rectify what was wanting in the regularity and probability of the Tale," he runs through it a love-story between Edgar and Cordelia, "that never chang'd a word with each other in the original." Not satisfied with this, he has Edmund stirred with desire for Cordelia, and eloquent of his illicit passion for Goneril and Regan. This motivation, he feels, brings Shakespeare's play, "a Heap of Jewels, unstrung, unpolisht, yet dazling in their Disorder," into a firmer logical articulation of its parts. Even Garrick, in the middle of the eighteenth century, did not dare to disregard these love-scenes, though he restored much of Shakespeare which Tate had rejected. Shadwell, two years earlier than Tate, took in hand Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* and followed the same procedure. Its passionate gloom and hatred of mankind he felt an impossible centre for a tragedy, and remodelled it by supplying Timon with two mistresses, one of whom remains faithful through all his adversity. This new love interest, though it utterly destroyed the point of the theme, seemed in Shadwell's eyes to save the play. With even greater zeal, Sheffield divided *Julius Caesar* (1772) into two plays, in order to make it conform to the unities, and into this story of the civil strife of Rome, he thrust scenes of love, though they are as irrelevant to the action as are the amatory speeches in

Addison's *Cato* (1713). When an author like Dryden could interweave a love-story into the grimmest of all tragedies, *Œdipus*, it seems as if anything might happen with no greater unfitness. In Shakespeare's history-plays particularly, the pruning of the material and the adding of love-intrigue, as in Colley Cibber's *Henry VI*, was regarded as the only way of bringing this mongrel type into the domain of the drama. The difficulty with Shakespeare in the abundance and complexity of his plot material was thus met by excision and simplification of structure and by the insertion of a love-intrigue, whether related or unrelated to the central mood of the play.

In the matter of poetical justice, Shakespeare's art seemed again woefully defective, for according to the pseudo-classical code "nothing must be left to God Almighty and another world." [1] Hero and villain should depart from the stage with their exact dole of justice meted out to them. To Shakespeare life fell in no such simple lines. He had a clear vision of the higher kind of truth which our actual world reveals, which is illustrated in the fatuous pride of Lear bringing wreck to the daughter who loved him most, — the appalling irony in human destiny and affairs. The aim of such a tragedy as this was incomprehensible to the eighteenth century. Even Dr. Johnson, whose splendid common sense made him throw down the gauntlet to those who upheld the unities and decried tragi-comedy, stands out boldly for poetic justice in *Lear*. He approved of Tate's reformation of *Lear*, in which Cordelia is rewarded with life and happiness, and adds, "I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death that I know not whether I ever endured to read the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as editor." In the adaptations, other char-

[1] Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age*, p. 16.

acters of Shakespeare besides Cordelia were made to retire with "victory and felicity," or, more often, with merited punishment. Dryden, as we have seen, repaired Shakespeare's shortcoming with reference to Cressida. Dennis, who was one of Shakespeare's most devoted admirers, repaired Shakespeare's omissions in *Coriolanus* by having Coriolanus kill Aufidius, and, in turn, having the Volscians kill Coriolanus, and the people pursue the offending tribunes to the edge of the Tarpeian rock.[1] When Addison lifts a single voice of protest against poetic justice,[2] Dennis reminds him that it is the duty of the poet, as Gildon put it, "to establish a just notion of Providence in its most important action, the government of mankind."[3]

In this, as in the other principles of the pseudo-classical creed, Rowe was thoroughly orthodox. A rapid examination of his plays will perhaps reveal more concretely the points in which he is spokesman for the dramatic theory that dominated the eighteenth century. In the matter of poetical justice he is impeccable. Every character who sins in *The Fair Penitent* or in *Jane Shore* or in any of his other plays meets a sure death, and other mildly offending characters are involved in their ruin when they can point the moral more strongly. *The Fair Penitent*, it will be remembered, closes with the death of Altamont, Calista, Sciolto, and Lothario. What more could the most exacting fates demand! Jane Shore in her suffering is surely an edifying lesson to erring wives. In the Prologue to *The Ambitious Stepmother*, Rowe boasts "that what they call poetical justice is, I think, strictly observed," a boast to which he might lay claim

[1] *Essay on the Genius and Writing of Shakespeare.*

[2] *Spectator*, no. 40, April 16, 1711.

[3] Gildon's *Preface* to *Phaethon*, quoted by Lounsbury, p. 408.

for all his dramatic work. In the matter of love-scenes, too, he even outruns the demands of eighteenth century taste. Love-scenes abound in his plays; or rather, he wrests the material of his plot so as to force in love-scenes at any cost. This is inevitable when, as has been previously shown (p. xxvi), the rough working theme of all his plays turns on the temptation of a pure woman by a libertine. In the matter of the unities, it must be admitted Rowe lapses from dramatic virtue, but they were an ideal requirement before which even the most fanatic devotee of pseudo-classic rules flinched in actual practice. Again, in the treatment of the principal characters in his plays, Rowe took great pains that they should not be of mean position, though they are not always of exalted rank. In the *Prologue* to *The Fair Penitent* he professes an interest in domestic drama, but on analysis it is plain that he is following along the old lines. Indeed it is because Rowe deviates not at all from eighteenth century standards that his popularity was so enormous. Even in *The Fair Penitent*, the characters are of sufficient dignity of station not to clash with the supposedly Aristotelian requirement, though they come dangerously near it. Some of the scurrilous prologue-mongers of his day gravely discuss whether it is fitting a goldsmith's wife should be heroine of a tragedy, but they decide Rowe probably justified Jane Shore by the assumption that the King conferred nobility upon her. In all but *The Fair Penitent*, then, Rowe would be entitled in spirit to the high praise Voltaire gives Addison for his *Cato*, in that no one appeared in it below the rank of a foreign monarch or a patrician. From the observance of this rule of rank in characters, it follows inevitably that Rowe should be faithful to the pseudo-classical tenet excluding comic scenes and low characters from tragedy. Indeed

Rowe remarks rather indulgently in his *Life of Shakespeare*, "the way of Trage-comedy was the common mistake of that age." Even in *Jane Shore*, his professed imitation of Shakespeare, he never falters for an instant in the accepted belief of all the critics, "There is no place in tragedy for anything but grave and serious action." In Rowe's fondness for declamation and Senecan rhetoric, in his preference for long speeches describing action or character rather than for action taking place on the stage, Rowe is again carrying out the spirit of the new law. Rowe is thus splendidly typical, point by point, of the pseudo-classical rules. *Jane Shore* becomes suddenly intelligible and significant only by holding these facts in the background of one's estimate.

It is plain that an age with such dramatic ideals would be in no position to appreciate the principles of romantic drama on which Shakespeare's plays are built. To make Shakespeare's plays acceptable, they were adapted, as we have seen, in accordance with this new code. The modifications, exclusions, and additions were not haphazard but in conformity with this totally different theory of art. Even lovers of Shakespeare like Rowe, like Garrick his great interpreter, felt free to remove the blemishes of an art that was alien to their generation. Rowe genuinely felt the imaginative richness of Shakespeare; he excuses his irregularities because Shakespeare lived "under a kind of mere light of nature, . . . in a state of almost universal license and ignorance." This is the typical eighteenth century attitude of qualified appreciation; it was not to be expected that Rowe would transcend the critical judgment of his generation Nor did he show, any more than the best of his contemporaries, any real insight into Shakespeare's development as a dramatic writer. In spite of being a professed imitator of Shakespeare's style, he

wonders with curious naïveté which is Shakespeare's earlier and later work. "Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings like those of other authors among their least perfect writings." "For aught I know," he adds, "the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in 'em, were the best." Critical tests of style and verse and structural unity had not then been discovered. Thus when Rowe tried to popularize Shakespeare by imitating him, he wrote a play which resembled Shakespeare in one point, — that it drew material from English history, from scenes which Shakespeare had in part developed; in method and handling, in its adherence to the rules and the dramatic motives that governed the stage, it was thoroughly eighteenth century. Yet the instinctive attraction which Shakespeare's work had for Rowe was far deeper than such results as *Jane Shore* and the criticism just quoted would seem to testify. There are rare reminiscent suggestions of Shakespeare's imagery that glow with an alien brightness in eighteenth century formal verse, fragments of lines that startle the reader with a forgotten music, but they unmistakably show reading and familiarity; there are comments scattered through the *Life of Shakespeare*, that reveal how far Rowe's native understanding of Shakespeare's mood and characters outstripped his capacity of analysis. It was like the spontaneous appeal which beauty of line and spacing in Japanese art might make to a man who had at his command only the language of the classical school in painting; how register and equate the strangeness of the new æsthetic insight? Rowe could not penetrate it in the case of Shakespeare; he vaguely but heartily assented to its power without attempting a synthesis of it with the scheme of things which he knew. Though held in amazement by the

fecundity of Shakespeare's genius, he was so limited by the conditions of his age, that in trying to imitate Shakespeare he serves rather to exhibit Shakespeare in pseudo-classic guise. To say this is, however, but to say that he did not anticipate work which was not accomplished for nearly half a century later.

Nothing more could be expected at this time. After the Restoration, indeed from the Restoration to the time of Rowe, all the evidence seems to hint at the fact that in point of intelligent understanding Shakespeare's work was at its lowest ebb. The dramatists rifled Shakespeare's plays for plots which they tricked out in the new manner, or they adapted his plays, thrusting in the love-motif in accordance with the French fashion, or, worse than all, they introduced spectacular and operatic elements. It is hard to understand Pepys' praise of *Macbeth* (1667) made into a musical spectacle with a chorus of fifty singing witches, yet we know he considered it "excellent in divertisement," "one of the best plays for a stage and variety of dancing and musique that I ever saw." We are puzzled, too, by other of his judgments, — that *Othello* should seem "a mean thing" compared with *The Adventures of Five Hours*; and *Midsummer Night's Dream* "a most insipid, ridiculous play." To be sure Pepys was merely a shrewd man about town, but in so far as he represents public opinion in general, he shows strange perversities of taste toward Shakespeare. Throughout the period, the populace was especially fond of Shakespeare, but their enthusiasm seems to have been directed toward the spectacle and incident and violence in which his plays abound. For the better classes, it would appear all too true, as Evelyn says apropos of *Hamlet*,[1] "Now the old plays began to disgust this refined age since his Majesty's

[1] *Diary*, 26 Nov., 1661.

being so long abroad." Moreover, we know that Shakespeare's plays were less frequently given than those of his contemporaries. "For every one of Shakespeare's plays," Dryden reminds us, two of Beaumont and Fletcher's are acted, "they being the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage."[1] The adaptations of Shakespeare generally enjoyed more popularity than the originals and were more frequently quoted from, in the citation of short passages. Against this background of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century attitude toward Shakespeare must Rowe's work be placed in an attempt to evaluate its significance.

Not until the close of the eighteenth century were the two great literary traditions in our drama brought into effective competition. The tradition represented by the romantic drama of Shakespeare was pretty thoroughly displaced after the Restoration by the classical. But there were those who like Rowe kept the controversy alive by their avowed admiration for Shakespeare, in spite of his irregularities. In a contemporary document, there are two amusing prayers to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson as gods of rival playhouses, which suggest how incessantly the battle raged between the two literary traditions of craftsmanship. Betterton is represented as entering his closet, falling on his knees, and praying:[2] "'O Shakespeare, Shakespeare! what have our sins brought upon us! We have renounc'd the ways thou hast taught us, and are degenerated into infamy and corruption. Look down from thy throne on Mt. Parnassus, and take commiseration on thy sons now fallen into misery. Let down a beam of thy brightness upon this our forlorn theatre; let thy

[1] *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, written 1665, published 1668.

[2] *A Comparison between the Two Stages in a Dialogue between Ramble and Sullen, two Gentlemen, and Chagrin, a Critick*, 1702.

spirit dwell with us; let thy influence be upon our pits; let the stream of thy Hebron glide along by Lincolns-Inn-Fields, and fructify our soil as the waters of the Nile; make fruitful the banks of Egypt.' He rose and was much comforted: With this he falls to work about his design, opens the volume and picks out two or three of Shakespeare's plays; 'and now,' says he, 'I'll feague it away, i' faith.'" The proprietor of the rival playhouse, Mr. Rich, not to be outdone, goes up to a garret, and "taking Ben Jonson's picture with him, he implores: 'Most mighty Ben! Father of the stage, and parent of the whole dramatic generation! May it please thy venerable shade to cast an eye on the unhappy circumstance of thy children. May it please thee to bedew the sands of our scorcht Lybia, and bless the stubborn earth till it raises up sure nourishment for us who hunger. 'T is hitherto an accursed land, nothing but monsters shoot forth from its bowels, till it 's now become the habitation of every creature but those of thy own making: How long must it thus continue? Oh, let it never be reproach'd to us that we are such backsliders from thy laws; therefore we implore thee, that thy grace may issue down like Mahomet's dove upon the Musselmen of thy sanctuary, and this is all we ask thee.'" And so anew *The Fox* and *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman* "were drawn up in battalia against *Harry the 4th* and *Harry the 8th* and the fight began."

It is one of the anomalies of the literary history of England that the romantic drama of Shakespeare and his contemporaries remained so long without justification in our national criticism. "Dramatic criticism in England was," as Mr. Spingarn points out, "from its birth both Aristotelian and classical,"[1] and remained so until the close

[1] Spingarn, *Literary Criticism in the Renaissance*, p. 282.

of the eighteenth century. We are confronted, therefore, with the striking spectacle of the whole body of criticism diametrically opposed to the dramatic practice of the nation up to the time of Dryden. There are, of course, exceptions,— some playwrights who followed the classical tradition, — but the English drama, prior to the Restoration, mainly embodies romantic principles of art. Now these romantic principles of art had never been formulated in a theoretic way, and what is more, by the beginning of the eighteenth century, they were superseded in the current drama. This new drama was a reflex of the theories of Italian and French commentators on Aristotle; theoretic criticism and dramatic practice were thus marching hand in hand. Naturally the vogue of such plays still further put off the understanding and formulation of romantic methods as a body of critical principles. Not until Dr. Johnson's day did the light break. Dr. Johnson marks the end, or more exactly, the beginning of the end of the dominance of classicism in criticism. Though his one play of *Irene* obeys the rules in all points, is quite as orthodox as Rowe's, Dr. Johnson as editor of Shakespeare makes the first attempt at a synthesis of Shakespeare's dramatic methods as opposed, not accidentally but vitally, to the pseudo-classical code. In spite of recent assertion to the contrary, the honor must be accorded to Lessing as the first to formulate in an *organic* and comprehensive way the principles of art for which Shakespeare stood. The late eighteenth century is rich in fragmentary appreciation of Shakespeare's procedure as an artist, but it can show nothing so systematic and inclusive as Lessing's work, nothing that points toward consistent ordination. Considering that in the eighteenth century a wholly alien idea of literary method prevailed, that so far as criticism was concerned, Shake-

speare's procedure apparently had no rationale, the attitude toward Shakespeare is just what might have been expected, an appreciation disturbed by many qualms of artistic conscience. When we take into account the sway of classical rule; the social forces and rationalistic philosophy of the age making for formal tendencies in all departments of life; the difficulty in Rowe's time of getting hold of Shakespeare's plays, rendering first-hand acquaintance with them more difficult than is commonly supposed; it is not strange that the ultimate and just appreciation of his work should have been so long delayed.

It is perhaps in this connection, in making Shakespeare more easily accessible, that Rowe has rendered his greatest service to the cause of letters. At the Restoration there existed only the first and second folios, published respectively in 1623 and 1632, editions not large in number and comparatively expensive, — Stevens estimates the 1623 edition as only two hundred and fifty copies. There were in addition some of the old quartos of Shakespeare's plays, eighteen of which had been published in Shakespeare's life. The first folio, seven years after Shakespeare's death, gathered in all the thirty-six plays, not including *Pericles*, eighteen of these being published now for the first time. The second folio was a reprint of the first with numerous errors and variations in reading. Soon after the Restoration, in 1663 and 1664, there were two issues of the third folio which added the seven spurious plays, but in other respects kept fairly close to the second folio. This was followed by the fourth folio (1685), the most uncritical of all, which included the seven spurious plays and a fresh crop of errors and modernizations of the text. To Nicholas Rowe belongs the distinguished honor of publishing the first edition of Shakespeare (1709) after the folios. Almost a

quarter of a century had elapsed since the publication of the fourth folio. As editor of the first octavo edition of Shakespeare in England Rowe has done his most important work.

Rowe's edition is unfortunately based on the fourth folio except that the seven spurious plays are transferred from the beginning to the end. With the exception of *Romeo and Juliet*, to which he appended a prologue not found in the folios, but found in the old quarto, Rowe appears not to have collated his text with any of the earlier folios and quartos. The existence of the *Romeo and Juliet* quarto he learned of as the volume containing that play was passing through the press.[1] We are indebted to Rowe, as a practical playwright, for prefixing a list of dramatis personae to each play, for a division into acts and scenes, for a record of entrances and exits, points in which the folios were defective. On the whole, he is to be commended for the slight number of his emendations, some of which are happy, and for a fairly sensible treatment of spelling and punctuation, though errors enough pass unnoticed in the text. A second edition of nine volumes was published in 1714, — the ninth volume, attributed to Gildon, contained the poems. The number of editions quickly following is so noteworthy as an indication of the demand for Shakespeare's work that it deserves notice in spite of presenting a formidable list of dates. Pope, the second editor, followed in 1725 with the plays in six volumes, and a seventh volume, the poems, edited by Sewell. With his usual mendacity Pope announces that he has collated the text with the earlier folios and quartos, and though it is evident he has, unlike Rowe, seen the first folios, his text is practically taken

[1] *Cambridge Edition of Shakespeare*, W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright, xxvii.

straight from Rowe and perpetuates its errors, adding some changes based on "private sense and conjecture." In 1728 and 1735 appeared two further editions of Pope's and Sewell's versions. Theobald, the next editor, based his text in large part on the first folio and in part on Pope, whose errors he exposed; he published new editions in 1733, 1740, 1752, 1772, and 1773; it is estimated that twelve thousand eight hundred and sixty copies were sold. Following Theobald's, appeared Hanmer's imposing edition (1744), based chiefly on Pope; Warburton's edition (1747), based on Pope; Johnson's (1765), based on Warburton; and finally Capell's in 1765, which gave us our first accurate text through its careful collation of the quartos and the first and second folios. Capell was the first to point out that Pope's text was based on Rowe. Rowe's was thus practically, because of Pope's appropriation of his text, the matrix of the eighteenth century editions of Shakespeare up to Capell's.

Besides being first editor of Shakespeare, Rowe is his first biographer. The first biographical notice of Shakespeare is in Fuller's *Worthies*, consisting of about twenty-two lines [1] of generalities, in which Martial, Ovid, Plautus, and Ben Jonson figure. Its value is perhaps suggested by the fact that the point of resemblance between Martial and Shakespeare is found in the warlike sound of the surnames. John Aubrey about 1680 gives a gossiping account of Shakespeare's life,[2] in which he devotes nearly half of the short space to Ben Jonson, quoting the well-known "little Latin and less Greek," and Ben Jonson's "I wish he had blotted out a thousand," referring to Shakespeare's alleged habit of never

[1] 1662 edition.

[2] Facsimile of the Aubrey MSS. in Halliwell's *Works of Shakespeare*, 1853, I, 76.

blotting out a line. It represents an account of about an ordinary octavo page. Edward Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum* (1675) devotes twelve or fifteen lines of general criticism to Shakespeare, in which he affirms that Shakespeare "pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance." Winstanley's *English Poets* (1687) thriftily reproduces Fuller's account of Shakespeare. In much the same tone and of equal brevity are the biographical details in Langbaine's *English Dramatic Poets* (1691). This is the nature of the organized biographical material that Rowe had behind him. Judged by this, Rowe's memoir is an extended and elaborate undertaking. It was reprinted with omissions and with some changes by Pope, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, and was long the standard biography of Shakespeare.

None of Rowe's writings in the opinion of the present editor presents him in so attractive a light as the *Account of the Life of Shakespeare*. It has solid merit in giving most of the facts then known about Shakespeare, and it has in addition a quality of directness, of charm and ease of manner, and justness of feeling that his plays give no warrant for expecting. There is critical acumen of no mean order, though the tone of treatment is avowedly that of the dilettante. After commenting upon the parentage and education of Shakespeare, Rowe is led naturally to the controversy about his knowledge of the "antient poets," and wisely suggests: "Tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correction, might have restrained some of that fine impetuosity and even bashful extravagance, which we admire in Shakespear." In much the same vein of common sense he desists from criticising Shakespeare's lack of skill in the

conduct of the fable in his plays, a lack which he recognizes as both "tedious and ill-natur'd to dilate upon," since "it is not in this province of the drama that the strength and mastery of Shakespeare lay." In the character of judicious editor, he puts stress on those parts which seem noble and worthy of admiration, making concrete reference to individual characters or passages.

The resemblance in general method to Addison's famous *Spectator* papers on Milton[1] is not more than a coincidence. Both critics consciously exhibit the merits rather than the defects of their respective authors; both show their honest admiration for the great passages; both share in common the striking limitation of the critical vocabulary of that day, which had not devised for itself a sensitive and varied phrasing for registering the finer æsthetic effects. But in spirit they both anticipate by a century Châteaubriand's pronunciamento that the critic should concern himself with "la critique des beautés." Rowe's sense of the greatness of *The Tempest* exceeds his power to explain its peculiar appeal to the imagination. He ranks it, with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, as the plays in which "the Author's genius do's no where so much appear." Again in his comment on *The Merchant of Venice*, he puts his finger on the fundamental improbability of the bond and the casket scene, but once accepting that, as Shakespeare makes us accept it, he finds it all "very beautifully written"; he sees "in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio" something very "great, generous, and tender"; and particularly notices Portia's praise of mercy and the speech on the power of music. Faith in Rowe's innate good judgment is strengthened by his repudiation of the Jew as a low comedy character, though so played in Granville's

[1] In 1712.

version, *The Jew of Venice* by Dogget, one of the great comedians of the day.[1] "I cannot but think it design'd typically by the Author," affirms Rowe; "there appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, . . . as cannot agree either with the stile or character of comedy." The special merit of Rowe's criticism of the plays lies, as I have suggested, in his general soundness of taste and concreteness of method; references to character, to individual lines, to incidents in the plays abound. Only a study of the contemporary criticism reveals how unusual this virtue was prior to the *Spectator* papers on Milton.

The *Life* has most of the usual biographical details that we are familiar with, — Shakespeare's marriage, his children, the deer-stealing episode, his leaving for London and his career as actor, with much greater fulness than any preceding account. Many of these stories were collected for Rowe by the famous actor Betterton, who in his old age, "in veneration for the memory of Shakespeare, engaged to make a journey into Warwickshire." It is to Betterton that we owe their transmission and preservation, a fact not without interest, since Betterton is so intimately connected with Shakespeare, as his greatest interpreter. Tradition has it that Betterton was taught the business of Hamlet, a rôle in which he was unsurpassed, "by Davenant, who had studied the playing of Taylor of the Blackfriars, an actor who had been trained in the character by Shakespeare himself." Perhaps it was partly in acknowledgment of this service and of lifelong admiration on Rowe's part, that Rowe wrote the prologue for Betterton's benefit performance in 1709, — the year Rowe's edition of Shakespeare was published, — when standing between Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Brace-

[1] Genest, *English Stage*, II, 243.

girdle, Betterton made almost his last appearance on the stage. Betterton and Rowe are linked inseparably in this biographical work on Shakespeare and in their devotion to his genius.

The gist of Rowe's criticism of Shakespeare is frank acknowledgment that Shakespeare does not follow "the rules of the Antients"; that his genius is so mighty he can afford to transcend them; but that it is in spite of his failure to conform, not because of it, that he achieves greatness. Rowe typifies the curious mingling of admiration qualified by bewilderment which an elegant age gave to Shakespeare. He did not have a penetrating mind, and though he loved Shakespeare's genius, he had neither the insight nor the daring to imitate Shakespeare's characteristic methods as a dramatist. His is the attitude of the gentleman scholar who loves to pass on his criticisms in literature without ever coming to a close understanding of the elements involved in them. A man of cultivation, polished in diction, ingenious in dramatic construction and moral sentiment, he won the suffrages of the best of his generation and held sway far down into our own. A strong feeling for dramatic situation and an uncommon degree of literary amenity lie at the heart of this success. The reader to-day cannot fail to be gripped by the deep pathos of some of the scenes, the Racine-like quality of poignant emotion developed to the uttermost limit, monotonous in length, perhaps, except to the true lover of sentiment and rhetoric. Yet in the interpretation of an actor of power, who could re-create the emotion with freshness and vitality of expression, how moving the appeal inherent in the situation. Rowe sometimes shows a master-hand in such scenes, and it is this primarily that accounts for his continued presentation on the English stage for over two centuries. In his own time, his work

must have been in agreeable contrast to the heroic plays still in vogue. Though his plays have much of their exaggeration, they follow Shakespeare "at a distance," a long distance, to be sure, in keeping to some sense of fact. Compared with the fustian and inflation and tropical exuberance of such heroic plays as *Almanzor and Almahide*; *or*, *The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards*, *The Emperor of Morocco*, and *Rival Kings*; *or*, *The Loves of Oroondates and Statira*, three of Rowe's tragedies, *Jane Shore*, *Lady Jane Grey*, and *The Fair Penitent*, might well seem to the early eighteenth century to hark back to the older dramatic tradition.

As an editor, Rowe wrote before the days of textual criticism, publishing Shakespeare's plays, as he would his own, with an appreciative, genial interest. But he did an immensely important work in promoting a better understanding of Shakespeare, in heading the long line of eighteenth century contributors to Shakespeare study. In this double capacity, as first editor and biographer of Shakespeare, Rowe is a significant figure in the Augustan age. As playwright, exhibiting the characteristic mood of that age, exhibiting very completely its dramatic method, he well repays the attention of students of the history of the English drama.

THE TEXT

The first edition (1703) is the basis of this text. In the collating, a copy of the first edition in the Library of Harvard University, a copy of the 1714 edition in the British Museum, and a copy of the 1732 edition in the Library of Yale University have been used. These are in order the earliest editions of which the editor has been able to find trace. The 1714 edition, perhaps the last in Rowe's lifetime, is practically a reprint of the first, with slight uniform changes in spelling (*e. g.*, *would* for *wou'd*, *ta'en* for *ta'ne*). The 1733 text shows a few very minor differences from the two preceding, but nothing of importance; indeed the collation makes clear that successive editions held very closely to the first text. The punctuation of the first edition, like that of all early eighteenth century books, is excessive and has been cut down and modified to bring it into conformity with modern usage. When the punctuation here used changes in the slightest degree the sense of the first edition, the original punctuation is given in a footnote. Unless otherwise specified, variants are to be credited to the edition in which they appear for the first time following the first edition. Any addition to the stage-directions of the first edition has been placed in brackets. French's acting version of the play shows variants in some places made necessary by the great number of lines omitted. F is the abbreviation used for variants from this acting version.

THE
FAIR PENITENT.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE
IN
Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

By Her MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

Written by *N. ROWE*, Esq;

Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn Gate* next *Grays-Inn Lane*. 1703.

TO HER

GRACE

THE

DUTCHESS

OF

ORMOND

MADAM,

The privilege of poetry (or it may be the vanity of the pretenders to it) has given 'em a kind of right to pretend, at the same time, to the favour of those, whom their high birth and excellent qualities have plac'd in a very distinguishing manner above the rest of the world. If this be not a receiv'd maxim, yet I am sure I am to wish it were, that I may have at least some kind of excuse for laying this tragedy at Your Grace's feet. I have too much reason to fear that it may prove but an indifferent entertainment to Your Grace, since if I have any way succeeded in it, it has been in describing those violent passions which have been always strangers to so happy a temper, and so noble and so exalted a virtue as Your Grace is mistress of. Yet for all this, I cannot but confess the vanity which I have, to hope that there may be something so moving in the misfortunes and distress of the play, as may be not altogether unworthy of Your Grace's pity. This is one of the main designs of tragedy, and to excite this generous pity

in the greatest minds, may pass for some kind of success in this way of writing. I am sensible of the presumption I am guilty of by this hope, and how much it is that I pretend to in Your Grace's approbation; if it be my good fortune to meet with any little share of it, I shall always look upon it as much more to me than the general applause of the theatre, or even the praise of a good critick. Your Grace's name is the best protection this play can hope for, since the world, ill natur'd as it is, agrees in an universal respect and deference for Your Grace's person and character. In so censorious an age as this is, where malice furnishes out all the publick conversations, where every body pulls and is pull'd to pieces of course, and where there is hardly such a thing as being merry, but at another's expence; yet by a publick and uncommon justice to the Dutchess of *Ormond*, her name has never been mention'd, but as it ought, tho' she has beauty enough to provoke detraction from the fairest of her own sex, and virtue enough to make the loose and dissolute of the other (a very formidable party) her enemies. Instead of this they agree to say nothing of her but what she deserves, — that her spirit is worthy of her birth; her sweetness of the love and respect of all the world; her piety, of her religion; her service, of her royal mistress; and her beauty and truth, of her lord; that in short every part of her character is just, and that she is the best reward for one of the greatest hero's this age has produc'd. This, Madam, is what you must allow people every where to say: those whom you shall leave behind you in *England* will have something further to add, the loss we shall suffer by Your Grace's

journey to *Ireland*; the Queen's pleasure, and the impatient wishes of that nation are about to deprive us of two of our publick ornaments. But there is no arguing against reasons so prevalent as these. Those who shall lament Your Grace's absence will yet acquiesce in the wisdom and justice of Her Majesty's choice: among all whose royal favours none cou'd be so agreeable, upon a thousand accounts, to that people, as the Duke of *Ormond*. With what joy, what acclamations shall they meet a governor, who beside their former obligations to his family, has so lately ventur'd his life and fortune for their preservation? What duty, what submission shall they not pay to that authority which the Queen has delegated to a person so dear to 'em? And with what honour, what respect shall they receive Your Grace, when they look upon you as the noblest and best pattern Her Majesty cou'd send 'em, of her own royal goodness, and personal virtues? They shall behold Your Grace with the same pleasure the *English* shall take when ever it shall be their good fortune to see you return again to your native country. In *England* Your Grace is become a publick concern, and as your going away will be attended with a general sorrow, so your return shall give as general a joy; and to none of those many, more than to,

Madam,

Your Grace's

most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

N. Rowe.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. *Betterton*

Long has the fate of kings and empires been
The common bus'ness of the tragick scene,
As if misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none cou'd be unhappy but the great.
Dearly, 't is true, each buys the crown he wears,
And many are the mighty monarch's cares:
By foreign foes and home-bred factions prest,
Few are the joys he knows, and short his hours of rest.
Stories like these with wonder we may hear,
But far remote, and in a higher sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share.
Like distant battles of the Pole *and* Swede,
Which frugal citizens o'er coffee read,
Careless for who shall fail or who succeed.
Therefore an humbler theme our author chose,
A melancholy tale of private woes:
No princes here lost royalty bemoan,
But you shall meet with sorrows like your own;
Here see imperious love his vassals treat,
As hardly as ambition does the great;

11 *We.* 1714, Who.

See how succeeding passions rage by turns,
How fierce the youth with joy and rapture burns,
And how to death, for beauty lost, he mourns.

Let no nice taste the poet's art arraign,
If some frail vicious characters he feign:
Who writes shou'd still let nature be his care,
Mix shades with lights, and not paint all things fair,
But shew you men and women as they are.
With deference to the fair he bad me say,
Few to perfection ever found the way;
Many in many parts are known t' excel,
But 't were too hard for one to act all well;
Whom justly life should through each scene commend,
The maid, the wife, the mistress, and the friend:
This age, 't is true, has one great instance seen,
And heav'n in justice made that one a Queen.

28 *you.* 1714, ye.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN

Sciolto, a Nobleman of *Genoa*, Father to *Calista*,	Mr. *Bowman*
Altamont, a young Lord, in love with *Calista*, and design'd her husband by *Sciolto*,	Mr. *Verbruggen*
Horatio, his friend,	Mr. *Betterton*
Lothario, a young lord, enemy to *Altamont*,	Mr. *Powell*
Rossano, his friend,	Mr. *Baily*

WOMEN

Calista, Daughter to *Sciolto*,	Mrs. *Barry*
Lavinia, Sister to *Altamont*, and wife to *Horatio*,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*
Lucilla, Confident to *Calista*,	Mrs. *Prince*

Servants to *Sciolto*

SCENE, *Sciolto's* PALACE AND GARDEN, WITH SOME PART OF THE STREET NEAR IT, IN GENOA

Dramatis Personæ. 1703 ed. prints the *Epilogue* between the *Prologue* and this.

The Fair Penitent

Act I. Scene I.

Scene, a Garden belonging to Sciolto's Palace.

Enter Altamont and Horatio.

Altamont. Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be markt for triumphs and rejoycings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chuse it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes
This happy day that gives me my Calista.
Horatio. Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee:
Sciolto's noble hand, that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Compleats its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot

6 *my.* 1732 omits.

The merit of thy godlike father's arms;
Before that country which he long had serv'd,
In watchful councils, and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,
And made their court to faction by his ruin.
Alt. Oh great Sciolto! Oh my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee,
Forget! (but 't is impossible) — then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desart among brutes,
To bear the various fury of the seasons,
The night's unwholsom dew and noon-day's heat,
To be the scorn of earth and curse of heav'n.
Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
It reach'd ev'n me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tye made me Sciolto's son;
He call'd us his, and with a parent's fondness

20 *live.* 1732 omits comma after *live,* but inserts it after *name.*
25 *driven.* 1732, driv'n. 27–28 *To bear . . . heat.* F omits.

Indulg'd us in his wealth, blest us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love it self.
Alt. By heav'n, he found my fortunes so abandon'd,
That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em;
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had strip'd him bare, nor left him ev'n a grave;
Undone my self, and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
But fruitless tears.
Hor. Yet what thou cou'dst thou didst,
And didst it like a son; when his hard creditors,
Urg'd and assisted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness)
By sentence of the cruel law, forbid
His venerable corps to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thy self a ransom for his bones;
With piety uncommon, didst give up
Thy hopeful youth to slaves who ne'er knew mercy,
Sour, unrelenting, mony-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
And are like fiends the factors for destruction.
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
And bad Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.

40 *raise.* F, save. 52–56 *With piety . . . destruction.* F omits.

Alt. But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,
The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

Enter Sciolto; he runs to Altamont and embraces him.

Sciolto. Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to my self!
Joy to this happy morn, that makes thee mine,
That kindly grants what nature had deny'd me,
And makes me father of a son like thee.

Altamont. My father! oh let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fullness of my soul before you,
Show ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,
This wond'rous goodness stirs. But 't is impossible,
And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

Sci. It is enough; I know thee thou art honest;
Goodness innate, and worth hereditary
Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virtues
Spring freshly forth, and blossom in thy youth.

74–80 *It is . . . he gave.* F omits.

Alt. Thus heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair creation,
And then with wond'rous joy beheld its beauty,
Well pleas'd to see the excellence he gave.
Sci. Oh noble youth! I swear since first I knew thee,
Ev'n from that day of sorrows when I saw thee,
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down and seal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my son, ev'n near me as Calista.
(*Embraces Horatio.*) Horatio and Lavinia too are mine;
All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's haste. [*Exit Horatio.*]
Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,
The winds, with all their wings, would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. For oh! my father,
Amidst this stream of joy that bears me on,

85 *seal'd.* 1732, misprints, sail'd.

Blest as I am, and honour'd in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.
Sci. What means my son?
Alt. When, at your intercession,
Last night Calista yielded to my happiness,
Just e'er we parted, as I seal'd my vows
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,
And then she sigh'd as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tend'rest eloquence of love
I beg'd to be a sharer in her grief;
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's pow'r to dispose of.
Sci. Away! it is the cosenage of their sex,
One of the common arts they practise on us,
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
With expectation of the coming joy:
Thou hast in camps, and fighting fields been bred,

104 *lips.* 1732, lip. 108 *were.* 1732, was.
109 *tend'rest.* 1732, tenderest.
113 *Nor.* 1732, Not. 117 *the.* 1732, their.

Unknowing in the subtleties of women ;
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near,
When, blushing, from the light and publick eyes
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.

Exeunt.

Enter Lothario and Rossano.

Lothario. The father and the husband !
Rossano. Let them pass,
They saw us not.
Loth. I care not if they did,
E're long I mean to meet 'em face to face,
And gaul 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.
Ross. You lov'd her once.
Loth. I lik'd her, wou'd have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband.
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.
Ross. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.
Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing,
'Till by long list'ning to the soothing tale
At length her easie heart was wholly mine.

Ross. I have heard you oft describe her,
haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain; it moves my wonder,
That virtue thus defended should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.
Loth. Hear, then I 'll tell thee.
Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber.
Ross. That minute sure was lucky.
Loth. Oh 't was great.
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatch'd the glorious, golden opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful ardour prest her,
'Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.

140 *I have.* F, I 've.

Ev'n all the live-long night we past in bliss,
In extacies too fierce to last for ever;
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.
Ross. You saw her soon again?
Loth. Too soon I saw her;
For oh! that meeting was not like the former;
I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment;
'T was past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While ev'ry weakness fell before her throne.
Ross. What of the lady?
Loth. With uneasie fondness
She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
She was undone; talk'd of a priest and marriage,
Of flying with me from her father's pow'r;
Call'd ev'ry saint and blessed angel down,
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.
Ross. What answer made you?
Loth. None; but pretending sudden pain and illness
Escap'd the persecution; two nights since,
By message urg'd, and frequent importunity,

172 *ev'ry.* F, every.

Again I saw her. Strait with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
With all the subtleties and pow'rful arts
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmov'd, I beg'd her spare th' ungrateful subject,
Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage chain;
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend;
But for those other names of wife and husband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.
Ross. How bore she this reply?
Loth. Ev'n as the earth
When, (winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
Shaking the mass) she labours with destruction.
At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words,
But when the storm found way, 't was wild and loud.
Mad as the priestess of the Delphick god,
Enthusiastick passion swell'd her breast,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form;

184 *with distraction.* F, and distraction.
193 *ever.* 1732, very.
196–198 *Ev'n . . . destruction.* F omits.

Proud, and disdainful of the love I profferr'd,
She call'd me Villain! Monster! Base betrayer!
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on her self,
She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more;
Then bid me fly that minute; I obey'd,
And bowing left her to grow cool at leisure.

Ross. She has relented since, else why this message,
To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning?

Loth. See the person whom you nam'd.

Enter Lucilla.

Well, my embassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

Lucilla. Is this well done, my lord? Have you put off
All sense of human nature? keep a little,
A little pity to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, tho' cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

205 *Base betrayer!* So F. 1714, 1732, Base! Betrayer?
217 *soften.* 1732 misprints, often.

Loth. I see thou'st learnt to rail.
Luc. I 've learnt to weep;
That lesson my sad mistress often gives me;
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then ever and anon she wrings her hands,
And crys, "False, false Lothario."
Loth. Oh no more!
I swear thou 'lt spoil that pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune;
Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.
Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profest betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista.
Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?
I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,

226 *learnt to rail.* 1732 misprints, learn to rail.

That I cou'd almost love thee for thy frowning.

Luc. (*Giving a letter*). Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad lines,
Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

Lothario reads.

"Your cruelty — obedience to my father — give my hand to Altamont."

(*Aside.*) By heav'n! 't is well; such ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates.
But to go on!

"— Wish — heart — honour — too faithless — weakness — to morrow — last trouble — lost Calista."

Women, I see, can change as well as men;
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
For she has given her hand to Altamont:
Yet tell the fair inconstant —

Luc. How, my lord?

Loth. Nay, no more angry words; say to Calista,

259 *can change.* 1714 omits *can.*

The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure,
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.
Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks;
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And tho' you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.
Loth. Ha! who comes here?
Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here; to morrow early
Be at the garden gate.
Loth. Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

Lothario putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out. Exeunt Lothario and Rossano one way, and Lucilla another.

Enter Horatio.

Horatio. Sure 't is the very error of my eyes:
Walking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started, and retir'd.
What business cou'd he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate — What paper 's this?

(*Taking up the Letter.*) Ha! to Lothario.— 's death!
Calista's name!
Confusion and misfortune! (*Opening it. Reads.*)
"Your cruelty has at length determin'd me, and
I have resolv'd this morning to yield a perfect
obedience to my father, and to give my hand to
Altamont, in spight of my weakness for the
false Lothario. I could almost wish I had that
heart, and that honour to bestow with it, which
you have robb'd me of:"
Damnation!—to the rest— (*Reads again.*)
"But oh! I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I should
again be undone by the too faithless, yet too
lovely Lothario; this is the last weakness of my
pen, and to morrow shall be the last in which
I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct
you, if you are kind enough to let me see you;
it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with
from The lost Calista."
The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur,
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt ev'n make thy father curse his age;
At sight of this black scrowl, the gentle Alta-
mont,

284 *Confusion and misfortune.* F omits.
302 *perdition. Fire and sulphur.* 1732, perdition, fire and sulphur. 1714 like 1703.

(For oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,
And never grace the publick with his virtues. —
Perhaps ev'n now he gazes fondly on her,
And thinking soul and body both alike,
Blesses the perfect workmanship of heav'n;
Then sighing, to his ev'ry care speaks peace,
And bids his heart be satisfy'd with happiness.
Oh wretched husband! while she hangs about thee
With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one,
Ev'n then her hot imagination wanders,
Contriving riots and loose shapes of love;
And while she clasps thee close makes thee a monster.
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us:
Hold, let me take a moment's thought.

Enter Lavinia.

Lavinia. My lord!

311–320 *Perhaps . . . a monster.* F omits.

314 *sighing.* 1703 omits comma after *sighing*, but inserts comma after *care.* 1714 and 1732 punctuate as in text.

Trust me it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company,
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness;
Where are you sick? Is it your head? your heart?
Tell me, my love, and ease my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Sooth you to rest, and soften all your pains.
Hor. It were unjust: no, let me spare my friend,
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.
Lav. What means my lord?
Hor. Ha! saidst thou, my Lavinia?
Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me suffer;
Why are you pale? Why did you start and tremble?
Whence is that sigh? And wherefore are your eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confusion thinks upon his audit.

330–333 *Where . . . pains.* F omits.
339 *Why . . . tremble.* F omits.

Hor. Oh no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite,
These pangs are of the soul. Wou'd I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilences,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought.
Lav. Alas, what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?
Why did you falsly call me your Lavinia,
And swear I was Horatio's better half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by your self,
And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
Witness you holy pow'rs, who know my truth,
There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
Nothing so very hard, but I cou'd bear it,
Much rather than my love shou'd treat me coldly,
And use me like a stranger to his heart.
Hor. Seek not to know what I wou'd hide from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But strait I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?
Then spare me, I conjure thee, ask no further;

347 *pestilences.* F, pestilence.
355–359 *Witness . . . heart.* F omits.

Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.
Lav. It is enough: chide not, and all is well;
Forgive me, if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes;
I wo' not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom wants your wishes,
He thinks the priest has but half blest his marriage,
'Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.
Hor. Oh never! never! never! Thou art innocent;
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones in the world,
'Twou'd fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told.
Lav. False ones, my lord!
Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles,
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone,
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,

377 *wants.* F, waits. 380 *Oh . . . never.* F omits last *never.*
387 *loves.* 1732, lovers.

And all the heav'n they hope for is variety :
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former ;
'Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that went before him.
Lav. Can there be such ? And have they peace of mind ?
Have they in all the series of their changing
One happy hour ? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so different from my sex ?
My little heart is satisfy'd with you,
You take up all her room ; as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.
Hor. Oh were they all like thee, men would adore 'em,
And all the bus'ness of their lives be loving ;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestick cares and quarrels cease ;
The world shou'd learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools.

Exeunt.

410 *The world.* F, The men.

End of the First Act.

Act II. Scene I.

Scene, a Hall.

Enter Calista and Lucilla.

Calista. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave.
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For oh! I 've gone around thro' all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Lucilla. Why do you follow still that wand'ring fire,
That has miss-led your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe?
That false Lothario! Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
And faithful as the simple village swain,
That never knew the courtly vice of changing,
Sighs at your feet, and wooes you to be happy.

Cal. Away, I think not of him. My sad soul

9–11 *Why do . . . woe.* F omits.
14–16 *Kind . . . changing.* F omits.

Has form'd a dismal, melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I wou'd wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'er-grown with trees
Mossie and old, within whose lonesom shade
Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell;
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubling winds among the weeds; no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.
Luc. Alas, for pity!
Cal. There I fain wou'd hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 't is the solemn counsel of my soul,
Never to live with publick loss of honour:
'T is fix'd to die rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! Scorn'd by the women,
And pity'd by the men! oh insupportable!
Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
The gaping gulf that opens just before you,
And yet rush on, tho' conscious of the danger?

25 *winds.* 1714 and 1732 misprint, wind's.
39–41 *Can you . . . danger.* F omits.

Oh hear me, hear your ever faithful creature!
By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you
Never to see this faithless man again:
Let me forbid his coming.
Cal. On thy life
I charge thee no; my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one enterview shall end my cares.
My lab'ring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burthen; that once done,
The busie thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.
Luc. Trust not to that;
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love supplies its place.
Cal. I have been wrong'd enough, to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer

Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 't was he that had undone me.
Luc. Ye sacred powers, whose gracious Providence
Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
From their deceitful tongues, their vows and flatteries;
Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal love may never be my bane.
Cal. Ha! Altamont? Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's accesses with dissembling;
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee and deform thy reason.

Enter Altamont.

Altamont. Be gone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be born, far from the happy Altamont;
For from this sacred æra of my love,
A better order of succeeding days
Come smiling forward, white and lucky all.

69–75 *Ye sacred . . . bane.* F omits.
77 *And guard . . . dissembling.* F omits.
83–85 *For from . . . all.* F omits.

Calista is the mistress of the year,
She crowns the seasons with auspicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.
Cal. If I was ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And wasting all on others, leave my self
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?
Alt. Oh mighty Love! Shall that fair face profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness!
I swear, it sha' not be, for I will wooe thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.
Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above,
Ill suited to each other; join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with such extasie and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That dully took its turn, and was forgotten.

89 *was.* F, are.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness,
To know none fair, none excellent beside thee;
If still to love thee with unweary'd constancy,
Through ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,
Through wrinkled age, through sickness and misfortune,
Be worth the least return of grateful love,
Oh then let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy.

Cal. 'T is the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As such I will remember it for ever.

Enter Sciolto, Horatio, and Lavinia, [*and Attendants.*]

Sciolto. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up ev'ry minute of this day.
'T is yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay,
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be musick, let the master touch
The sprightly string and softly-breathing flute,
'Till harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion,
Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.

111 *beside.* F, but.

Enter . . . Lavinia. F adds, *and Attendants* to the stage-direction.

124 *for Calista.* F omits *for.*

Begin: ev'n age it self is chear'd with musick,
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.

Here an entertainment of musick and dancing.

SONG.

BY MR. CONGREVE.

I.

Ah stay! ah turn! ah whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentless maid?
I follow not to conquer but to die,
You of the fearful are afraid.

II.

In vain I call; for she like fleeting air,
When prest by some tempestuous wind,
Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,
Nor casts one pitying look behind.

Sci. Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth.
The sprightly bowl shall chearfuly go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,

Song. F omits.

In wine shall be forgotten all. To morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh! grant, ye powers, that I may see these
happy, (*pointing to Alt*[*amont*] *and Calista*)
Compleatly blest, and I have life enough;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. *Exeunt.*

Manet Horatio.

Horatio. What if, while all are here intent on
revelling,
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forg'd; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice, to disturb my friend.
Oh no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought ev'n now I mark'd the starts of
guilt
That shook her soul; tho' damn'd dissimulation
Skreen'd her dark thoughts, and set to publick
view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
Oh false appearance! What is all our sover-
aignty,
Our boasted pow'r? When they oppose their arts,
Still they prevail, and we are found their fools.

153 *And . . . fate.* F inserts after this line: Scene II. *Another apartment in Sciolto's Palace. Enter Horatio.*
163 *specious.* 1732, spacious.
164–166 *Oh false . . . fools.* F omits.

With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easie lord;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;
Nor cou'd believe that such a heav'nly face
Had bargain'd with the devil to damn her wretched race. *Exit.*

Scene II.

Scene, the Street near Sciolto's Palace.

Enter Lothario and Rossano.

Lothario. To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont:
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.
Rossano. I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to day their friends are round 'em,
And any eye, that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.
They confer aside.

Scene II. F· marks this as *Scene III* and places it in *The Garden belonging to Sciolto's Palace.*

Enter Horatio.

Horatio. Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath; Lothario's father —
I knew him well, he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful councils,
But of a cold, unactive hand in war.
Yet with these coward's virtues he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful. (*Seeing him.*) Ha! he's here!

Loth. Damnation! He again! — This second time
To day he has crost me like my evil genius.

Hor. I sought you, sir.

Loth. 'T is well then I am found.

Hor. 'T is well you are: the man who wrongs my friend
To the earth's utmost verge I wou'd pursue;
No place, tho' e'er so holy, shou'd protect him;
No shape that artful fear e'er form'd, shou'd hide him,
'Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me? that I am Lothario?
As great a name as this proud city boasts of.

11 *I must.* 1732, must I.

Who is this mighty man then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?
Hor. The brave, 't is true, do never shun the light;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Freely without disguise they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions.
Loth. Such let 'em be of mine; there 's not a purpose
Which my soul ever fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justifie.
Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free spirit?
When but this very morning I surpriz'd thee
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And with a forg'd contrivance blast her virtue?
At sight of me thou fled'st.
Loth. Ha! fled from thee?

35 *Freely . . . hate.* F omits.
48 *fled'st.* 1732, fledest.

Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee; like a thief,
A pilferer descry'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd, with mischievous intent
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.
Loth. Slave! Villian!
Offers to draw, Rossano holds him.
Ross. Hold, my lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.
Loth. Then since thou dost provoke my vengeance, know
I wou'd not for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shoar,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, shou'd be as publick
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature:
Think'st thou I meant the shame shou'd be conceal'd?
Oh no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband; now I have found him,
And thou art he.
Hor. I hold thee base enough

To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young lord, I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'T was base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scrowl so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a lady's name;
These are the mean, dishonest arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers,
Who bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.
Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter? Think so still,
'Till the broad shame comes staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.
Hor. Away, no woman cou'd descend so low:
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are,
Fit only for your selves, you herd together;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
Legends of saints who never yet had being,

80 *Strangers . . . dangers.* F omits.

Or being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
As the fond tales which you recount of love.
Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
I cou'd produce such damning proof—
Hor. —— 'T is false!
You blast the fair with lies because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
Rather than make you blest, they wou'd die virgins,
And stop the propagation of mankind.
Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's: dream on,
Nor think upon my vengeance, till thou feel'st it.
Hor. Hold, sir, another word, and then, farewel,
Tho' I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy pow'r to hurt;
Yet as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I must not have
(Mark me, young sir,) her very name prophan'd.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'T is held you are too lavish; when you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses, and your selves;
'T is safer, and becomes your understandings.

94 *are.* F, or.

Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order?
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?
Hor. 'T is well! Sir, you are pleasant —
Loth. By the joys
Which yet my soul has uncontroll'd pursu'd,
I wou'd not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Tho' all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;
But like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owners leave.
Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth
That thou shou'd'st dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee shun my walks;
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou 'rt found, expect a punishment
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death,

124 *way.* 1732, ways. 128 *owners.* F, owner's.
132 *yon.* F, this.

Or something worse; an injur'd husband's vengeance
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.
Loth. Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd
By a dependant on the wretched Altamont,
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation? —
Hor. Away, thy speech is fouler than thy manners!
Loth. Or if there be a name more vile, his parasite,
A beggar's parasite! —
Hor. Now learn humanity,
Offers to strike him, Rossano interposes.
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.
Loth. Damnation! *They draw.*
Ross. Hold, this goes no further here.
Horatio, 't is too much; already see
The crowd are gath'ring to us.
Loth. Oh Rossano!
Or give me way, or thou 'rt no more my friend.
Ross. Sciolto's servants too have ta'ne the alarm;
You 'll be opprest by numbers. Be advis'd,

148–149 *Horatio . . . to us.* F omits.
151 *the.* 1732, th'.
too. F, Sir.

Or I must force you hence; take 't on my word,
You shall have justice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my lord.
Loth. This wo' not brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours e'er noon to morrow I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.
Hor. I'll meet thee there.
Loth. To morrow, oh my better stars! to morrow,
Exert your influence, shine strongly for me;
'T is not a common conquest I wou'd gain;
Since love, as well as arms, must grace my triumph. *Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.*
Hor. Two hours e'er noon to morrow! Ha, e'er that
He sees Calista! oh unthinking fool —
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.
Cou'd I but prosper there, I wou'd not doubt
My combat with that loud, vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
So many of your sex wou'd not in vain

153–155 *tak't . . . lord.* F omits.
168 *wou'd.* F, should.

Of broken vows and faithless men complain.
Of all the various wretches love has made,
How few have been by men of sense betray'd!
Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you 're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your worth, can never love
you less. *Exit.*

End of the Second Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Scene, an Apartment in Sciolto's Palace.

Enter Sciolto and Calista.

Sciolto. Now by my life, my honour, 't is too much;
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
When ev'ry heart was chear'd, and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish
Sate on thy brow; like some malignant planet,
Foe to the harvest and the healthy year,
Who scouls adverse, and lours upon the world,
When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
Propitious shine, and meaning good to man.
Calista. Is then the task of duty half perform'd?
Has not your daughter giv'n her self to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will,
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratifie a father's stern command?
Sci. Dost thou complain?
Cal. For pity do not frown then,

6–10 *like . . . man.* F omits.

If in despight of all my vow'd obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance;
For oh! that sorrow which has drawn your anger
Is the sad native of Calista's breast,
And once possest will never quit its dwelling,
'Till life, the prop [of] all, shall leave the building,
To tumble down and moulder into ruin.
Sci. Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother, by her wond'rous goodness,
Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,
I swear some sullen thought that shuns the light
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But mark me well, tho' by yon heav'n I love thee
As much, I think, as a fond parent can,
Yet shou'dst thou (which the Pow'rs above forbid)
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.

18 *breaks.* F, break. *falls.* F, fall.
21–23 *And once . . . ruin.* F omits.
22 *of*, 1714. 1703 omits.
25–26 *by her . . . sweetness.* F omits.

To day I have made a noble youth thy husband;
Consider well his worth, reward his love,
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.

Exit Sciolto.

Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex,
Thro' ev'ry state of life the slaves of man!
In all the dear delightful days of youth,
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand;
To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;
Proud with opinion of superior reason,
He holds domestick bus'ness and devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloyster'd ideots, from the world's acquaintance,
And all the joys of freedom; wherefore are we
Born with high souls, but to assert our selves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world?

Enter Horatio.

Horatio. She 's here! Yet oh! my tongue is at a loss.
Teach me, some pow'r, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.

36 *I have.* F, I 've.

By heaven, she weeps! — Forgive me, fair Calista,
If I presume, on privilege of friendship,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace and quench those eyes in tears.
Cal. To steal unlook'd for on my private sorrow
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
But rather means the spy.
Hor. Unkindly said!
For oh! as sure as you accuse me falsly,
I come to prove my self Calista's friend.
Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of Altamont.
Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by heav'n,
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are you not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roul into the sea, one common flood?
Then who can give his friendship but to one?
Who can be Altamont's, and not Calista's?
Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,

70–72 *Are you . . . flood.* F omits.

May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will still look back to their own choice.
So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
Stands on the shoar, and sends his wishes back
To the dear native land from whence he came.
Hor. When souls that shou'd agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:
Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The nights shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry day shall be a day of cares.
Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is;
Alas! what needed that?
Hor. Oh! rather say,
I came to tell her how she might be happy;
To sooth the secret anguish of her soul,
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.
Cal. Say thou to whom this paradise is known,
Where lyes the blissful region? Mark my way to it,
For oh! 't is sure, I long to be at rest.

78–80 *So the . . . came.* F omits. 86 *all.* 1732 omits.

Hor. Then — to be good is to be happy — Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they are better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 't is the fiend,
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings; the blest know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.
Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?
Hor. None shou'd; but 't is a busie, talking world,
That with licentious breath blows, like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.
Cal. What mystick riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou wou'dst seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.
Hor. Lothario!
Cal. Ha! What wou'dst thou mean by him?
Hor. Lothario and Calista! — Thus they join
Two names, which heav'n decreed shou'd never meet;

99 *they are.* F, they 're. 101 *The.* F, Th'.

Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell, for publick sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith
When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.
Cal. Death! and confusion! Have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest creature
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy.
Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much,
For on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Cou'd urge my tongue to this ungrateful office:
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood a-cross my way, to save your honour
Yours and Sciolto's, yours and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures thro' a burning pile
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.
Cal. Is this, is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd?
Is this, this tale bearing officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,

137 *Is this, is this.* F omits first two words.

That fills his easie ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife;
Who guiltless dies because her fool ran mad!
Hor. Alas! this rage is vain, for if your fame
Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save 'em.
'T is now the lucky minute of your fate:
By me [y]our genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst Lothario more;
Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
By all your virtuous maids and noble matrons;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution —
Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd slave!
That dar'st forget my birth and sacred sex,
And shock me with the rude, unhallow'd sound!
Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of heav'n
Breath out a solemn vow never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee;
Or by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
This paper! — (*holding her*) nay, you must not fly! — This paper,
This guilty paper shall divulge your shame.

150 *your*, 1714. 1703, our.

Cal. What meanst thou by that paper? What contrivance
Hast thou been forging to deceive my father,
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakness of my sex. — Oh for a sword
To urge my vengeance on the villanous hand
That forg'd the scrowl!

Hor. (*shewing the letter near*). Behold, can this be forg'd?
See where Calista's name —

Cal. (*tearing it*). To atoms thus,
Thus let me tear the vile, detested falshood,
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.

Hor. Confusion!

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare ev'n on thy life
To breath an accent that may touch my virtue:
I am my self the guardian of my honour,
And wo' not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter Altamont.

Altamont. Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes,
The wish, the care, and bus'ness of my youth?

171 *villanous.* 1714, villain's.
180 *wo' not.* F, will not.
183–186 *The wish . . . desire.* F omits.

Oh! let me find her, snatch her to my breast,
And tell her she delays my bliss too long,
'Till my soft soul ev'n sickens with desire.
Disorder'd! — and in tears! Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze! — What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio!

Cal. To that insolent.

Alt. My friend!
Cou'd he do this? He, who was half my self!
One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
Guided our wills: Have I not found him just,
Honest as truth it self? And cou'd he break
The sanctity of friendship? Cou'd he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what justice I should find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that wou'd blast my fame,
And treat me like a common prostitute.
Thou art perhaps confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.

Alt. Oh impious! What presumptuous wretch shall dare

193–195 *He . . . wills.* F omits.

To offer at an injury like that?
Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardise it self,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.
Cal. The man who dar'd to do it was Horatio!
Thy darling friend! 'T was Altamont's Horatio!
But mark me well! While thy divided heart
Doats on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed;
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more
Than shut me in a cloyster; there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
To fast, and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r;
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage chain, and from that tyrant, man. *Exit Calista.*
Alt. She 's gone; and as she went, ten thousand fires
Shot from her angry eyes, as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
Now as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confusion in thy looks,
As if thou wert at variance with thy self,
Madness and reason combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which shou'd get the better?

Hor. I wou'd be dumb for ever, but thy fate
Has otherwise decreed it; thou hast seen
That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista,
Thou hast beheld her tears.
Alt. I have seen her weep,
I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
Complaining in the bitterness of sorrow,
That thou! my friend! Horatio, thou hadst wrong'd her!
Hor. That I have wrong'd her! Had her eyes been fed
From that rich stream which warms her heart, and number'd
For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my Altamont! she has undone thee.
Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?
What is so fair, so exquisitely good?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy, when they love?
Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
Repleat with blessings, giving wealth and honour?
The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,
And everlasting joys are in her arms.

232 *thy.* F, my. 236 *hadst.* F, hast.
248–249 *The dowry . . . arms.* F omits.

Hor. It had been better thou hadst liv'd a beggar,
And fed on scraps at great mens surly doors,
Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal —
Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee;
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barb'rous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.
Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart,
She has charm'd thee, like a siren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:
Too late the rocks and quick-sands will appear.
When thou art wreckt upon the faithless shoar,
Then vainly wish thou hadst not left thy friend
To follow her delusion.
Alt. If thy friendship
Do churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping, I disclaim it.
Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I 've been to thee?
I shar'd the task of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.
Thy noble father, oh thou light young man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One fortune fed us,

For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: wou'd he have left me
Thus, for a woman? nay, a vile one too?
Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it; speak again,
Say, who is vile? but dare not name Calista.
Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compell'd,
And forc'd to clear my self; but since thus urg'd,
I must avow I do not know a viler.
Alt. Thou wert my father's friend, he lov'd thee well;
A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance:
I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee,
But henceforth never let me see thee more.
Going out.
Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must, and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despight of thee. *Holds him.*
Alt. Let go my arm.
Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou wou'dst live

275 *nay.* F, and.
282 *A kind . . . him.* F omits *kind of.*

Without the name of credulous, wittal husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dash'd with poyson, —
Alt. Off!
To urge me but a minute more is fatal.
Hor. She is polluted! stain'd!
Alt. Madness and raving!
But hence!
Hor. Dishonour'd by the man you hate, —
Alt. I prithee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth the keeping, —
Hor. By Lothario.
Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the falshood! *Strikes him.*
Now nothing but thy life can make atonement.
Hor. (*draws*). A blow! thou hast us'd well —
Alt. This to my heart —
Hor. Yet hold! — By heav'n, his father 's in his face!
Spight of my wrongs my heart runs o'er with tenderness,
And I cou'd rather die my self than hurt him.
Alt. Defend thy self, for by my much wrong'd love,
I swear the poor evasion shall not save thee.

291 *bride.* 1732 misprints, pride.
297 *the.* F, thy.
300 *us'd well.* 1732, F, us'd me well.

Hor. Yet hold! thou know'st I dare! — Think how we 've liv'd —

They fight; Altamont presses on Horatio, who retires.

Nay! then 't is brutal violence! And thus,
Thus nature bids me guard the life she gave.
They fight.

Lavinia enters and runs between their swords.

Lavinia. My brother! my Horatio! Is it possible?
Oh! turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.
If you must quench your impious rage in blood
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.

Alt. 'T is well thou hast found a safeguard; none but this,
No pow'r on earth cou'd save thee from my fury.

Lav. Oh fatal, deadly sound!

Hor. Safety from thee!
Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the reverence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And shew'd thee what it was to be a man?

Lav. What busie, medling fiend, what foe to goodness,

306–308 *Think how . . . gave.* F omits.
321 *fiend.* 1714, friend.

Could kindle such a discord? Oh! lay by
Those most ungentle looks, and angry weapons,
Unless you mean my griefs, and killing fears,
Should stretch me out at your relentless feet,
A wretched coarse, the victim of your fury.
Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes? 't was base ingratitude;
'T was such a sin to friendship, as heaven's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous wickedness,
Unweary'd with forgiving, scarce cou'd pardon.
He who was all to me, child! brother! friend!
With barb'rous, bloody malice sought my life.
Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widdow'd bed,
Therefore thy husband's life is safe; but warn him
No more to know this hospitable roof.
He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty;
We must not meet; 't is dangerous. Farewel.
He is going, Lavinia holds him.
Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay, if ever

322–326 *Oh! lay by . . . fury.* F omits.
328–330 *'T was such . . . pardon.* F omits.
339–348 *if ever . . . kindly then.* F omits.

Nature, or what is nearer much than nature,
The kind consent of our agreeing minds,
Have made us dear to one another, stay,
And speak one gentle word to your Horatio.
Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
To call you friend, then press you hard, with all
The tender, speechless joy of reconcilement.
Alt. It cannot, sha' not be! — you must not hold me.
Lav. Look kindly then!
Alt. Each minute that I stay
Is a new injury to fair Calista.
From thy false friendship to her arms I 'll fly;
There if in any pause of love I rest,
Breathless with bliss, upon her panting breast,
In broken, melting accents I will swear,
Henceforth to trust my heart with none but her;
Then own the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.
Altamont breaks from Lavinia, and exit.
Hor. Oh raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth;
It is too much, this tide of flowing grief,

346 *reconcilement.* 1732, reconcilements.
351–354 *There if . . . her.* F omits.

This wond'rous waste of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend and cruel brother.
Lav. Is there not a cause for weeping? Oh Horatio!
A brother and a husband were my treasure,
'T was all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
Sav'd from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.
One half is lost already; if thou leav'st me,
If thou shou'dst prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
Whom shall I find to pity my distress,
To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched head?
Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complainings?
Tho' Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forsaken, for I 'll keep thee
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.
Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of goodness,
And made thee all my portion here on earth;
It gave thee to me as a large amends
For fortune, friends, and all the world beside.

375–378 *Heav'n . . . beside.* F omits.

Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
And hide me from misfortune in your bosom:
Here end my cares, nor will I lose one thought,
How we shall live, or purchase food and raiment.
The holy pow'r who clothes the senseless earth
With woods, with fruits, with flow'rs, and verdant grass,
Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.
Hor. From Genoa, from falshood and inconstancy,
To some more honest distant clime we 'll go,
Nor will I be beholding to my country
For ought but thee, the partner of my flight.
Lav. Yes, I will follow thee; forsake, for thee,
My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have;
Tho' mine 's a little all, yet were it more,
And better far, it shou'd be left for thee,

381–386 *Here . . . give us.* F omits.
383 *clothes.* 1732, cloths.
386–387 *give us . . . inconstancy.* Between these two lines, F inserts a line: But for the love I bear the good Sciolto.
388 *we 'll go.* F, I 'd go.
389 *will I be.* F, would I be. *beholding.* F, beholden.
394 *And.* F, Yes.

And all that I wou'd keep shou'd be Horatio.
So when the merchant sees his vessel lost,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign coast,
Gladly, for life, the treasure he wou'd give,
And only wishes to escape and live.
Gold and his gains, no more employ his mind,
But driving o'er the billows with the wind,
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind.

Exeunt.

End of the Third Act.

Act IV. Scene I.

Scene, a Garden.

Enter Altamont.

Altamont. With what unequal tempers are we form'd?
One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,
Revels secure, and fondly tells her self,
The hour of evil can return no more;
The next, the spirit 's pall'd, and sick of riot,
Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings,
Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
And bitterness and anguish. Oh! last night!
What has ungrateful beauty paid me back
For all that mass of friendship which I squander'd?
Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,
Dash'd all my bliss, and damp'd my bridal bed.
Soon as the morning dawn'd, she vanish'd from me,
Relentless to the gentle call of love.
I have lost a friend, and I have gain'd — a wife!
Turn not to thought, my brain; but let me find
Some unfrequented shade; there lay me down,

1–19 *With what . . . thinking.* F omits. F opens Act IV with stage-direction: A garden. Lothario and Calista discovered seated.

And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
To soften and asswage this pain of thinking.
Exit.

Enter Lothario and Calista.

Lothario. Weep not, my fair, but let the god of love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys; nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Calista. Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,
To charm me with thy softness; 't is in vain;
Thou can'st no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The hours of folly and of fond delight
Are wasted all and fled; those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; — thou hast undone me.

Loth. Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin
To love as we have done; — to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height?

To die with joy, and streight to live again,
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—
Cal. Oh! let me hear no more; I cannot bear it,
'T is deadly to remembrance; let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;
Let not the voice of mirth, or musick, know it;
Let it be dark and desolate; no stars
To glitter o'er it; let it wish for light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn;
For 't was the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to perfidious, false Lothario.
Loth. Hear this, ye pow'rs, mark how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she wou'd be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has giv'n her self away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth—
Cal. Art thou so base, to upbraid me with a crime
Which nothing but thy cruelty cou'd cause?

50 *perfidious, false.* F, omitting *perfidious*, the false.

If indignation, raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urg'd me to do a deed of desparation,
And wound my self to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I shou'd devote to death and hell,
Whom curse, as my undoer, but Lothario!
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
Cou'd have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.
Loth. How have I fail'd in justice or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou hadst never blest me with thy beauty.
Cal. How didst thou dare to think that I wou'd live
A slave to base desires and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure
To toy and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.
Loth. The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it; wer't thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doom'd,

72 *at first.* 1732, at the first.
75 *hadst never.* F, ne'er hadst.

Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them Altamont.

Altamont. I have lost my peace — Ha! do I live and wake! —

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!

Nor Altamont, but thou hadst been my lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd,
My honour lost to thee; for thee it haunts me,
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me;
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs —

Alt. (*coming forward*). Behold him here —

Cal. (*starting*). Ah! —

Alt. The wretch! whom thou hast made;
Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good is left. *Drawing.*

Loth. Thou hast ta'ne me somewhat unawares, 't is true,
But love and war take turns like day and night,
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.

88 *Nor.* 1732, Not.

We 've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, heav'n, and fair Calista judge the combat.

Cal. Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and Death!

Alt. Thou hast talk'd too much, thy breath is poison to me,
It taints the ambient air; this for my father,
This for Sciolto, and this last for Altamont.

They fight; Lothario is wounded once or twice, and then falls.

Loth. Oh Altamont, thy genius is the stronger,
Thou hast prevail'd! — My fierce, ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd:
Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and chears my heart in dying.

Dies.

Cal. And what remains for me? Beset with shame,
Encompas'd round with wretchedness, there is
But this one way to break the toil and 'scape.

She catches up Lothario's sword, and offers to kill herself; Altamont runs to her, and wrests it from her.

105–108 *Distraction . . . for Altamont.* F omits.

Alt. What means thy frantick rage?
Cal. Off! let me go.
Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet still,
Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.
Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live? to be forgiven?
Oh thou hast known but little of Calista.
If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
I wou'd not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
And hide me from their beams.
Sciolto (*within*). What ho! my son!
Alt. It is Sciolto calls; come near, and find me,
The wretched'st thing of all my kind on earth.
Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
Madness! Confusion! Let the storm come on,
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me,
Dash my devoted bark; ye surges, break it;
'T is for my ruin that the tempest rises.
When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

131–132 *It is . . . earth.* F omits.

Enter Sciolto.

Sciolto. Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden walls —
Ha! Death has been among you — Oh my fears!
Last night thou hadst a diff'rence with thy friend,
The cause thou gav'st me for it was a damn'd one;
Didst thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?
Answer me quick —

Alt. Oh! press me not to speak,
Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you; see that body,
And guess my shame! my ruin! Oh Calista!

Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness. —

Offers to kill Calista, Altamont holds him.

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay,
Or turn the point on me, and thro' my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista;
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont! my heart, that scorn'd thy love,

140 *walls.* F, wall.

Shall never be indebted to thy pity;
Thus torn, defac'd and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes! yes, my father, I applaud thy justice,
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow;
Be merciful, and free me from my pain,
'T is sharp, 't is terrible, and I cou'd curse
The chearful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me.
Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her raving,
Remember nature! Shou'd thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood wou'd rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.
Cal. Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my life.
Lost as thou art to virtue, oh Calista!
I think thou canst not bear to be outdone;
Then haste to die, and be oblig'd no more.
Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword,
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,

169–178 *Listen . . . no more.* F omits.

Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge;
But, mark me well, I will have justice done;
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunish'd;
I will see justice executed on thee,
Ev'n to a Roman strictness; and thou, nature,
Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
Be still, thy tender struglings are in vain.
Cal. Then am I doom'd to live and bear your triumph?
To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraidings,
Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery
At morn, at noon, and night told over to me,
Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
And grant a moment's interval of peace;
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.
Sci. Hence from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee;
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

192 *and.* F, at.

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
And be more curst than you can wish I were;
This fatal form that drew on my undoing,
Fasting, and tears, and hardship shall destroy,
Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated life.
Then when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away,
At length 't is time her punishment shou'd cease;
Die, thou poor suff'ring wretch, and be at peace.
Exit Calista.

Sci. Who of my servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

On your lives,
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.
Exeunt Servants.

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction;
My father, I am sick of many sorrows,
Ev'n now my easie heart is breaking with 'em,

223–225 *My father . . . most.* F omits.
224 *Ev'n.* 1732, Even.

Yet, above all, one fear distracts me most,
I tremble at the vengence which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.
Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did?
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
He slew her yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what shou'd I do? —
But thou hast tyed my hand. — I wo' not kill her;
Yet by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She sha' not 'scape.
Alt. You mean that she shall dye then?
Sci. Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
Oh Altamont! what a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd! Well did I hope
This daughter wou'd have blest my latter days;
That I shou'd live to see you the world's wonder;
So happy, great, and good, that none were like you.
While I, from busie life and care set free,
Had spent the ev'ning of my age at home,

Among a little prattling race of yours:
There, like an old man, talk'd awhile, and then
Lain down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave;
Oh damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Arm your self, my lord:
Rossano, who but now escap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety.

Sci. By heav'n their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone,
But thou, Lothario, and thy race shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is curst with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summon'd,
I know that all will joyn their hands to ours,
And vindicate thy vengeance. Raise the body,
And bear it in; his friends shall buy him dearly,
I will have blood for ransom: when our force
Is full and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice. —

Exit Sciolto. The body of Lothario is carried off by servants.

248 *Lain.* 1732, Lay; F, Laid.
262–264 *Raise the . . . ransom.* F omits.

Manet Altamont.

Alt. There is a stupid weight upon my senses,
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Wou'd it were death, as sure 't is wondrous like it,
For I am sick of living, my soul 's pall'd,
She kindles not with anger or revenge;
Love was th' informing, active fire within,
Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

A tumultuous noise, with clashing of swords, as at a little distance.

Enter Lavinia, with two servants, their swords drawn.

Lavinia. Fly, swiftly fly, to my Horatio's aid,
Nor lose your vain, officious cares on me;
Bring me my lord, my husband, to my arms,
He is Lavinia's life, bring him me safe,
And I shall be at ease, be well and happy.

Exeunt servants.

Alt. Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barb'rous hand

267 *There . . . senses.* F omits, and inserts, —
A frightful heavy gloom comes o'er my mind.
271 *as . . . it.* F omits.
272–273 *my . . . revenge.* F omits.
276 *kindred earth.* F adds *Exit* and omits rest of Act.

Could wrong thy poor, defenceless innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage fury?

Lav. My brother! Oh my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear Horatio bleeds. —
Not far from hence, as passing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cry'd aloud for vengeance and Lothario.
My lord with ready boldness stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger, but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace
Rush'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the fray.

Alt. What of my friend?

Lav. (*looking out*). Ha! by my joys, 't is he,
He lives, he comes to bless me, he is safe! —

Enter Horatio, with two or three servants, their swords drawn.

1 Servant. 'T were at the utmost hazard of your life
To venture forth again, 'till we are stronger;
Their number trebles ours.

Horatio. No matter, let it;
Death is not half so shocking as that traitor.
My honest soul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainness could be so abus'd

As to mistake that wretch, and call him friend;
I cannot bear the sight.
Alt. Open thou earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark bosom,
To hide me from Horatio.
Hor. Oh, Lavinia,
Believe not but I joy to see thee safe:
Wou'd our ill fortune had not drove us hither;
I cou'd ev'n wish, we rather had been wreckt
On any other shoar, than sav'd on this.
Lav. Oh let us bless the mercy that preserv'd us,
That gracious pow'r that sav'd us for each other:
And to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
Offer forgiveness too; be thou like heav'n,
And put away th' offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.
Alt. I have mark'd him,
To see if one forgiving glance stole hither,
If any spark of friendship were alive,
That wou'd, by sympathy, at meeting glow,
And strive to kindle up the flame anew;
'T is lost, 't is gone, his soul is quite estrang'd,
And knows me for its counter-part no more.
Hor. Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in Horatio,
Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
Where nature, reason, nay where love is judge;

But when you urge my temper to comply
With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.
Lav. Where didst thou get this sullen, gloomy hate?
It was not in thy nature to be thus;
Come put it off, and let thy heart be chearful,
Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both;
Friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill fortune and the world.
Hor. I am not apt to take a light offence,
But patient of the failings of my friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an injury
Stabs to the heart, and rouses my resentment,
(Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature)
I own, I cannot easily forget it.
Alt. Thou hast forgot me.
Hor. No.
Alt. Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful and fierce?
Hor. Because they speak the meaning of my heart,
Because they are honest, and disdain a villain.
Alt. I have wrong'd thee much, Horatio.
Hor. True, thou hast:
When I forget it, may I be a wretch,

Vile as thy self, a false perfidious fellow,
An infamous, believing, British husband.
Alt. I 've wrong'd thee much, and heav'n has well aveng'd it.
I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy sincere; our broken friendship
Pursu'd me to the last retreat of love,
Stood glaring like a ghost, and made me cold with horror.
Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me,
Swell o'er my head, like waves, and dash me down.
Sorrow, remorse, and shame have torn my soul,
They hang like winter on my youthful hopes,
And blast the spring and promise of my year.
Lav. So flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a grave,
To lose their freshness amongst bones and rottenness,
And have their odours stifled in the dust.
Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard Horatio?
Canst thou behold thy Altamont undone?
That gentle, that dear youth! canst thou behold him,
His poor heart broken, death in his pale visage,
And groaning out his woes, yet stand unmov'd?

349 *an.* 1732 misprints, and.

Hor. The brave and wise I pity in misfortune,
But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
'T is weakness to be touch'd.
Alt. I wo' not ask thee
To pity or forgive me, but confess
This scorn, this insolence of hate is just;
'T is constancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But oh! had I been wrong'd by thee, Horatio,
There is a yielding softness in my heart
Cou'd ne'er have stood it out, but I had ran,
With streaming eyes and open arms, upon thee,
And prest thee close, close!
Hor. I must hear no more,
The weakness is contagious, I shall catch it,
And be a tame fond wretch.
Lav. Where wou'dst thou go? Wou'dst thou part thus? You sha' not, 't is impossible;
For I will bar thy passage, kneeling thus;
Perhaps thy cruel hand may spurn me off,
But I will throw my body in thy way,
And thou shalt trample o'er my faithful bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me e'er thou pass.
Alt. Urge not in vain thy pious suit, Lavinia,
I have enough to rid me of my pain.
Calista, thou hadst reach'd my heart before;
To make all sure, my friend repeats the blow:

But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
There love and friendship cease. *Falls.*

Lavinia runs to him and endeavours to raise him.

Lav. Speak to me, Altamont.
He faints! he dies! Now turn and see thy triumph;
My brother! But our cares shall end together;
Here will I lay all down by thy dear side,
Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,
And never see my cruel lord again.

Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his arms.

Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my Altamont!
My stubborn, unrelenting heart has kill'd him.
Look up and bless me, tell me that thou liv'st.
Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleness too far.
He revives.
Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;
A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul;
I cannot speak! — I love! forgive! and pity thee. —

Alt. I thought that nothing cou'd have stay'd my soul,
That long e'er this her flight had reach'd the stars;

But thy known voice has lur'd her back again.
Methinks I fain wou'd set all right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and heav'n's forgiveness on my soul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at ease for ever.
Hor. By heav'n, my heart bleeds for thee; ev'n this moment
I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.
Is it not pity that this youth shou'd fail,
That all this wond'rous goodness shou'd be lost,
And the world never know it? oh my Altamont!
Give me thy sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
And shelter thee from ruin.
Lav. Oh my brother!
Think not but we will share in all thy woes,
We 'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love,
And when we light upon some faithless woman,
Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,
We 'll fix our grief and our complaining there;
We 'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was like thee undone. *Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

Act V. Scene I.

Scene is a room hung with black; on one side Lothario's body on a bier; on the other a table with a skull and other bones, a book, and a lamp on it. Calista is discover'd on a couch in black, her hair hanging loose and disordered: after musick and a song, she rises and comes forward.

SONG

I

Hear, you midnight phantoms, hear,
You who pale and wan appear,
And fill the wretch, who wakes, with fear.
You who wander, scream, and groan,
Round the mansions once your own,
You, whom still your crimes upbraid,
You, who rest not with the dead;
From the coverts where you stray,
Where you lurk, and shun the day,
From the charnel and the tomb,
Hither haste ye, hither come.

II

Chide Calista for delay,
Tell her, 't is for her you stay;
Bid her die, and come away.
See the sexton with his spade,
See the grave already made;
Listen, fair one, to thy knell,
This musick is thy passing bell.

Song. F omits.

Calista. 'T is well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of horror
Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul,
Here 's room for meditation, ev'n to madness,
'Till the mind burst with thinking; this dull flame
Sleeps in the socket; sure the book was left
To tell me something; — for instruction then —
He teaches holy sorrow, and contrition,
And penitence; — is it become an art then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gown-men
Can teach us to do over? I 'll no more on 't.
Throwing away the book.
I have more real anguish in my heart
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifl'd for these bones?
Fye! this is pageantry; — they look uncouthly,
But what of that, if he or she that own'd 'em,
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relicks play?
But here 's a sight is terrible indeed;
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?
That dear perfidious — Ah! — how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead eyes!
Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastick forms of night,

19 *these solemn sounds.* F omits.
21 *Here's.* F, Here is.

In all your diff'rent, dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror if you can!

Enter Sciolto.

Sciolto. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature f rest ordain'd, and soft repose,
And yet istraction, and tumultuous jars
Keep a' our frighted citizens awake;
The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
Want pow'r to succour the afflicted state.
Vainly in words and long debates they 're wise,
While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful orders,
And drown the voice of law in noise and anarchy.
Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,
Pointing to Calista.
Like Hellen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.
Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thy self, my soul;
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.
Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.

47–51 *The senate . . . anarchy.* F omits.

Cal. Happy were it, I had dy'd
And never lost that name.
Sci. That 's something yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age;
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I cou'd gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to heav'n,
Were little for my fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to folly then, and curse me?
Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours;
A poor imperfect copy of my father,
Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle void
Fill'd up with light belief, and easie fondness;
It was because I lov'd, and was a woman.
Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubin;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?
Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.
Sci. Ha! answer me! say, hast thou cooly thought?

70–72 *Where goodness . . . fondness.* F omits.

'T is not the Stoick's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror:
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they start, and stand aghast;
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?

Cal. I have turn'd my eyes inward upon my self,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'T is justly thought, and worthy of that spirit
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I wou'd go on,
And tell thee all my purpose, but it sticks
Hear at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your ponyard here.

Sci. Oh! truly guess'd — seest thou this trembling hand — *Holding up a dagger.*

87 *I have.* F, I 've.

Thrice justice urg'd — and thrice the slack'ning sinews
Forgot their office, and confest the father;
At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd,
It must, it must be so — Oh! take it then,
Giving the dagger.
And know the rest untaught.

Cal. I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfy'd.

She offers to kill herself, Sciolto catches hold of her arm.

Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's space;
The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;
Now nature, and the father claim their turns;
I have held the ballance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender, human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
And my old brain split, and grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha! is it possible? And is there yet
Some little, dear remain of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,

What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;
How have I stood and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then lifted up my hands, and wond'ring, blest thee;
By my strong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me,
I cou'd curse nature, and that tyrant, honour,
For making me thy father and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still.
Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly, to the earth;
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness;
Oh! 't is too much for this offending wretch,
This paricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
E'er little more than half his years be number'd.
Sci. Wou'd it were otherwise! — but thou must die. —
Cal. That I must die! it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking;
Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
Come then, and take me now to thy cold arms,

135–136 *Thither . . . down.* F omits.

Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.
Sci. I am summon'd hence; e'er this my friends expect me.
There is I know not what of sad presage
That tells me, I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewel,
And these the parting pangs which nature feels
When anguish rends the heart-strings — Oh! my daughter. *Exit Sciolto.*
Cal. Now think thou, curst Calista, now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head;
Yet heav'n, who knows our weak, imperfect natures,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict enquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and pray'r.

141 *parting soul.* After this F inserts: Enter a gentleman, and signs to Sciolto, who dismisses him.

142 *I am.* F, I'm. *e'er this my friends.* F, my assembled friends.

151–158 *That loudly . . . pollution.* F omits.

Cheap recompence! here 't wou'd not be receiv'd,
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred, deep pollution.
And see, another injur'd wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter Altamont.

Altamont. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death!
And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
Oh! take me in a fellow-mourner with thee,
I 'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the stream and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well, thou art the injur'd Altamont,
Thou comst to urge me with the wrongs I ha' done thee;
But know I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

166–168 *I'll number . . . for both.* F omits.

Alt. Falsly, falsly
Dost thou accuse me; when did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? For thee I have
Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
And fondness has prevail'd upon revenge;
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
As holy men do punishments from heav'n,
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee;
Oh! then forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Calista had been mine and true!

Cal. Oh! Altamont, 't is hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they have done amiss;
But oh! behold my proud, disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue; yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have liv'd, for ages blest,
And dyed in peace within thy faithful arms.

Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach;

174–180 *when did . . . thee.* F omits.
181 *then.* F omits.
185 *they have.* F, they 've.
190 *That were I not abandon'd.* F, That had I not been fatal.
193–214 *Then happiness . . . in her.* F omits.

Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on
In long successive order.
Cal. What! in death?
Alt. Then art thou fix'd to die? — But be it so,
We 'll go together, my advent'rous love
Shall follow thee to those uncertain beings;
Whether our lifeless shades are doom'd to wander
In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts,
Or whether thro' the upper air we fleet,
And tread the fields of light, still I 'll pursue thee,
'Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.
Cal. Oh no! Heav'n has some better lot in store
To crown thee with; live, and be happy long;
Live for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind, unpractis'd heart, that never yet
Has listen'd to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,

Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth,
Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter Horatio.

Horatio. Now mourn indeed, ye miserable pair,
For now the measure of your woes is full.
Alt. What dost thou mean, Horatio?
Hor. Oh! 't is dreadful;
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.
Cal. My father!
Alt. That 's a deadly stroak indeed.
Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden;
I heard which way he took, and strait pursu'd him,
But found him compas'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes;
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
E'er that his frantick valour had provok'd
The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.
Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
Dost thou not labour with my murd'rous weight?

217 *What . . . dreadful.* F omits.
219 *That's . . . indeed.* F omits.
229 *my.* F, thy.

And you, ye glitt'ring, heav'nly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you,
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature sickens at me; rest, thou world,
This paricide shall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus, I set thee free. *Stabs herself.*

Hor. Oh! fatal rashness!

Alt. Thou dost instruct me well; to lengthen life
Is but to trifle now.

Altamont offers to kill himself; Horatio prevents him, and wrests his sword from him.

Hor. Ha! what means
The frantick Altamont? Some foe to man
Has breath'd on ev'ry breast contagious fury,
And epidemick madness.

Enter Sciolto, pale and bloody, supported by servants.

Cal. Oh, my heart!
Well may'st thou fail, for see the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
My father! will you now at last forgive me,

236–240 *Thou dost . . . madness.* F omits, giving further stage-direction after *Hor.* (*Runs to her.*)

supported by servants. F has: supported by two gentlemen, and followed by two others, with drawn swords.

If after all my crimes, and all your suff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds,
Lift up your hand, and bless me e'er I go
Down to my dark abode.
Sciolto. Alas! my daughter!
Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and lost;
But sure thou hast born thy part in all the anguish,
And smarted with the pain; then rest in peace,
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity;
And may'st thou find with heav'n the same forgiveness,
As with thy father here. — Die, and be happy.
Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
And ev'ry pain grows less. — Oh! gentle Altamont,
Think not too hardly of me when I 'm gone,
But pity me. — Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both: — Now,'t is too late,

And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee,
Thou art their last dear object. — Mercy, heav'n! *She dies.*
Alt. Cold! dead and cold! and yet thou art not chang'd,
But lovely still! Hadst thou a thousand faults,
What heart so hard, what virtue so severe,
But at that beauty must of force relented,
Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness?
Sci. Oh! turn thee from the fatal object; Altamont,
Come near, and let me bless thee e'er I die.
To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath
My fortunes. — Lay me by thy noble father,
And love my memory as thou hast done his,
For thou hast been my son. — Oh! gracious heav'n!
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away,
But multiply thy mercies on his head;
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways. — *He dies.*
Alt. Take, take it all;
To thee, Horatio, I resign the gift,
While I pursue my father and my love,

264 *Mercy, heav'n.* F omits to end of Act.

And find my only portion in the grave.
[*He faints.*]

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him like a drooping flower to earth.
Raise him, and bear him in.

Altamont is carried off.

By such examples are we taught to prove,
The sorrows that attend unlawful love;
Death, or some worse misfortunes, soon divide
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride:
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

Exeunt Omnes.

The End of the Fifth Act.

Fifth Act. In the 1703 edition some three pages of *Books Printed for Jacob Tonson at Grays Inn Gate* follow.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY *Mrs. Bracegirdle*, WHO PLAY'D *Lavinia*

You see the tripping dame cou'd find no favour,
Dearly she paid for breach of good behaviour,
Nor cou'd her loving husband's fondness save her.
Italian *ladies lead but scurvy lives,*
There's dreadful dealing with eloping wives;
Thus 't is, because these husbands are obey'd
By force of laws, which for themselves they made.
With tales of old prescriptions they confine
The right of marriage-rule to their male line,
And huff and domineer by right divine.
Had we the pow'r we'd make the tyrants know
What 't is to fail in duties which they owe;
We'd teach the saunt'ring squire who loves to roam,
Forgetful of his own dear spouse and home;
Who snores at night supinely by her side,
'T was not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.
The plodding petty-fogger and the cit
Have learn'd at least this modern way of wit:

Epilogue. In the original, the 1703, edition, this immediately follows the *Prologue.*

1 *tripping.* 1732, trippling. 14 *own.* 1732 omits.

Each ill-bred, senseless rogue, tho' ne'er so dull,
Has th' impudence to think his wife a fool;
He spends the night where merry wags resort,
With joking clubs, and eighten-penny port,
While she poor soul's contented to regale,
By a sad sea-cole fire, with wigs and ale.
Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,
And fill an absent husband's empty place:
If you wou'd e'er bring constancy in fashion,
You men must first begin the reformation.
Then shall the golden age of love return,
No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn,
No foreign charms shall cause domestick strife,
But ev'ry marry'd man shall toast his wife;
Phillis *shall not be to the country sent,*
For carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent:
Lampoons shall cease, and envious scandal die,
And all shall live in peace like my good man and I.

31 *charms.* 1732, charm.

Notes to the Fair Penitent

3. The Duchess of Ormond. She was eldest surviving daughter of Duke of Beaufort, and married the Duke of Ormond as his second wife in 1685. She died in Avignon (in 1733), where Lady Mary Wortley Montague saw her. Her husband was most prominently connected with Ireland, was Lord Lieutenant, and helped Swift to his preferment to the deanery of St. Patrick's. He was one of the most popular men of his age. His support of the Jacobite cause forced him to live an exile during the last part of his life.

The Fair Penitent opens roughly at the close of the second act of Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*. Vid. *Introduction*, p. xi.

11, 45. yet . . . didst. Cf. *Fatal Dowry*, I, sc. 2, II, sc. 2.

15, 125. with a loose. Cf. "Give a loose to love"; *Ambitious Stepmother*, III, sc. 2. "Give a loose to war"; *Tamerlane*, I, sc. 1. "Give a loose to rage"; *Ibid.* II. "Give a loose to tears"; *Ibid.* IV. Here the phrase seems to mean with abandonment, with a free rein she loves.

15, 126. Lothario is the equivalent of Young Novall in *The Fatal Dowry*.

98, 176. Forgot the temper of Italian husbands. Rowe is not probably thinking of any special persons, but of the Italian husband as seen in the Italian novelle and in the English drama founded on these novels.

THE TEXT

The first edition, 1714 A, is the basis of this text. Variants other than mere changes in spelling and punctuation in the second, 1714 B, edition, in the fifth edition (1733), the eighth edition (Dublin, 1735), the 1746 edition, and in French's acting version of the play (F) have been recorded in the footnotes. These editions are, in sequence, the earliest of which the editor has found trace. There is an imperfect copy, lacking the title-page, ascribed by the British Museum Catalogue to "Dublin? 1720?" The collation shows that the original text has suffered practically no change in succeeding editions. French's acting version cuts many of the long speeches, as indicated. The 1733 edition supplies a half-dozen or so extremely minor variants; the 1735 edition is, like many of the Dublin editions of that day, a poor reprint with a new crop of typographical errors. In general, the punctuation of the first edition has been retained, except in the instances noted in the text of *The Fair Penitent*. When the punctuation here used changes in the slightest degree the sense of the first edition, the original punctuation is given in a footnote. Variants are to be credited to the edition in which they first appear following the first edition. Additions to the stage-directions of the first edition are in brackets. Changes in the divisions of scenes in later editions or in stage-directions appear in footnotes.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

JANE SHORE.

Written in IMITATION of

Shakeſpear's Style.

By N. ROWE, Eſq;.

——Conjux ubi priſtinus illi
Reſpondet Curis. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the *Croſs-Keys*, between the *Two Temple-Gates*, in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

SOURCES

For the material on which the play rests, see Appendix A, page 221.

To His Grace the Duke of QUEENSBERRY *and* DOVER, *Marquis of* BEVERLY, *&c.*

My Lord,

I have long lain under the greatest obligations to Your Grace's family, and nothing has been more in my wishes than that I might be able to discharge some part, at least, of so large a debt. But your noble birth and fortune, the power, number and goodness of those friends you have already, have plac'd you in such an independency on the rest of the world that the services I am able to render to Your Grace can never be advantageous, I am sure not necessary, to you in any part of your life. However, the next piece of gratitude, and the only one I am capable of, is the acknowledgment of what I owe: and as this is the most publick, and indeed the only way I have of doing it, Your Grace will pardon me if I take this opportunity to let the world know the duty and honour I had for your illustrious father. It is, I must confess, a very tender point to touch upon; and at the first sight may seem an ill chosen compliment, to renew the memory of such a loss, especially to a disposition so sweet and gentle, and to a heart so sensible of filial piety as Your Grace's has been, even from your earliest childhood. But

9 *sure.* 1714 A inserts comma after *sure* and omits it after *necessary*.

perhaps this is one of those griefs by which the heart may be made better; and if the remembrance of his death bring heaviness along with it, the honour that is paid to his memory by all good men shall wipe away those tears, and the example of his life set before your eyes shall be of the greatest advantage to Your Grace in the conduct and future disposition of your own.

In a character so amiable as that of the Duke of Queensberry was, there can be no part so proper to begin with as that which was in him, and is in all good men, the foundation of all other vertues, either religious or civil, I mean good nature. Good nature, which is friendship between man and man, good breeding in courts, charity in religion, and the true spring of all beneficence in general. This was a quality he possess'd in as great a measure as any gentleman I ever had the honour to know. It was this natural sweetness of temper which made him the best man in the world to live with, in any kind of relation. It was this made him a good master to his servants, a good friend to his friends, and the tenderest father to his children. For the last, I can give no better voucher than Your Grace, and for the rest I may appeal to all that have had the honour to know him. There was a spirit and pleasure in his conversation, which always enliven'd the company he was in, which, together with a certain easiness and frankness in his disposition, that did not at all derogate from the dignity of his birth and character, render'd him infinitely agreeable. And as no man had a more delicate taste of natural wit, his conversations always abounded in good humour.

For those parts of his character which related to the publick, as he was a nobleman of the first rank, and a minister of state, they will be best known by the great employments he past through; all which he discharg'd worthily as to himself, justly to the prince who employ'd him, and advantageously for his country. There is no occasion to enumerate his several employments, as Secretary of State, for Scotland in particular, for Britain in general, or Lord High Commissioner of Scotland; which last office he bore more than once; but at no time more honourably, and (as I hope) more happily, both for the present age and for posterity, than when he laid the foundation for the British Union. The constancy and address which he manifested on that occasion are still fresh in every body's memory, and perhaps when our children shall reap those benefits from that work which some people do not foresee and hope for now, they may remember the Duke of Queensberry with that gratitude which such a piece of service done to his country deserves.

He shew'd upon all occasions a strict and immediate attachment to the crown, in the legal service of which no man could exert himself more dutifully nor more strenuously. And at the same time no man gave more bold and more generous evidences of the love he bore to his country. Of the latter, there can be no better proof than the share he had in the late happy revolution; nor of the former than that dutiful respect, and unshaken fidelity which he preserv'd for Her present Majesty, ev'n to his last moments.

With so many good and great qualities, it is not at all strange that he possess'd so large a share, as he was known to have, in the esteem of the Queen and Her immediate predecessor; nor that those great princes shou'd repose the highest confidence in him: and at the same time, what a pattern has he left behind him for the nobility in general, and for Your Grace in particular, to copy after.

Your Grace will forgive me, if my zeal for your welfare and honour (which no body has more at heart than my self) shall press you with some more than ordinary warmth to the imitation of your noble father's virtues. You have, my Lord, many great advantages which may encourage you to go on in pursuit of this reputation; it has pleas'd God to give you naturally that sweetness of temper which, as I have before hinted, is the foundation of all good inclinations. You have the honour to be born not only of the greatest, but of the best parents; of a gentleman generally belov'd, and generally lamented; and of a lady adorn'd with all the virtues that enter into the character of a good wife, an admirable friend, and a most indulgent mother. The natural advantages of your mind have been cultivated by the most proper arts and manners of education, you have the care of many noble friends, and especially of an excellent unkle, to watch over you in the tenderness of your youth. You set out amongst the first of mankind, and I doubt not but your virtues will be equal to the dignity of your rank.

That I may live to see Your Grace eminent for the love of your country, for your service and duty to your

prince, and in convenient time, adorn'd with all the honours that have ever been conferr'd upon your noble family; that you may be distinguish'd to posterity, as the bravest, greatest, and best man of the age you live in, is the hearty wish, and prayer of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient, and most faithful, humble servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE; SPOKEN BY MR. *Wilks.*

To night, if you have brought your good old taste,
We'll treat you with a downright English feast.
A tale, which told long since in homely wise,
Hath never fail'd of melting gentle eyes:
Let no nice sir *despise our hapless dame*
Because recording ballads chaunt her name;
Those venerable ancient song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
They caterwaul'd in no romantick ditty,
Sighing for Phillis's, *or* Chloe's *pity.*
Justly they drew the fair, and spoke her plain,
And sung her by her Christ'an name — 't was Jane.
Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gain'd in verse, we've lost in prose.
Their words no shuffling, double-weaning knew,
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.
In such an age, immortal Shakspear *wrote,*
By no quaint rules, nor hampering criticks taught;

Prologue. This and the *Epilogue* face each other on opposite pages in the 1714 A edition.

4 Hath. 1714 A, Have.

With rough, majestick force he mov'd the heart,
And strength, and nature made amends for art.
Our humble author does his steps pursue,
He owns he had the mighty bard in view;
And in these scenes has made it more his care
To rouse the passions than to charm the ear.
Yet for those gentle beaux *who love the chime,*
The end of Acts still gingle into rhime.
The ladies, *too, he hopes, will not complain,*
Here are some subjects for a softer strain,
A nymph forsaken, and a perjur'd swain.
What most he fears is, least the dames shou'd frown,
The dames of wit and pleasure about town,
To see our picture drawn, unlike their own.
But lest that error shou'd provoke to fury
The hospitable hundreds of Old Drury,
He bids me say, in our Jane Shore's *defence,*
She dol'd about the charitable pence,
Built hospitals, turn'd saint, and dy'd long since.
For her example, whatsoe'er we make it,
They have their choice to let alone, or take it.
Tho' few, as I conceive, will think it meet
To weep so sorely for a sin so sweet;
Or mourn and mortify the pleasant sense,
To rise in tragedy two ages hence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke of *Gloster.*	Mr. *Cibber.*
Lord *Hastings.*	Mr. *Booth.*
Catesby.	Mr. *Husbands.*
Sir *Richard Ratcliff.*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Bellmour.	Mr. *Mills.*
Dumont.	Mr. *Wilks.*
[Earl of Derby.]	

WOMEN.

Alicia.	Mrs. *Porter.*
Jane Shore.	Mrs. *Oldfield.*

Several Lords of the Council, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

Earl of Derby. Emend. ed.

The Tragedy of Jane Shore

Act I. Scene I.

Scene, the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

Gloster. Thus far success attends upon our councils,
And each event has answer'd to my wish;
The queen and all her upstart race are quell'd;
Dorset is banish'd, and her brother Rivers
'Ere this lies shorter by the head at Pomfret.
The nobles have with joint concurrence nam'd me
Protector of the realm: my brother's children,
Young Edward and the little York, are lodg'd
Here, safe within the Tower. How say you, sirs,
Does not this business wear a lucky face?

The scepter and the golden wreath of royalty
Seem hung within my reach.
Ratcliffe. Then take 'em to you
And wear them long and worthily; you are
The last remaining male of princely York:
(For Edward's boys, the state esteems not of 'em,)
And therefore on your sovereignty and rule
The common-weal does her dependence make,
And leans upon your highness's able hand.
Catesby. And yet to morrow does the council meet
To fix a day for Edward's coronation:
Who can expound this riddle?
Glos. That can I.
Those lords are each one my approv'd, good friends,
Of special trust and nearness to my bosom;
And howsoever busie they may seem,
And diligent to bustle in the state,
Their zeal goes on no farther than we lead,
And at our bidding stays.
Cate. Yet there is one,
And he amongst the foremost in his power,
Of whom I wish your highness were assur'd:
For me, perhaps it is my nature's fault,
I own, I doubt of his inclining, much.

12 *them.* 1733 'em.
18 *highness's.* 1733, highness'.
26 *farther.* 1733, further.
31 1733 omits commas.

Glos. I guess the man at whom your words wou'd point:
Hastings —
Cate. The same.
Glos. He bears me great good will.
Cate. 'T is true, to you, as to the Lord Protector
And Gloster's duke, he bows with lowly service:
But were he bid to cry, "God save King Richard,"
Then tell me in what terms he wou'd reply.
Believe me, I have prov'd the man, and found him:
I know he bears a most religious reverence
To his dead master Edward's royal memory,
And whither that may lead him is most plain;
Yet more — One of that stubborn sort he is
Who, if they once grow fond of an opinion,
They call it honour, honesty, and faith,
And sooner part with life than let it go.
Glos. And yet, this tough impracticable heart,
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl;
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;
A laughing, toying, wheadling, whimpering she
Shall make him amble on a gossips message,
And take the distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.

Ratc. The fair Alicia
Of noble birth, and exquisite of feature,
Has held him long a vassal to her beauty.
Cate. I fear, he fails in his allegiance there;
Or my intelligence is false, or else
The dame has been too lavish of her feast,
And fed him 'till he loaths.
Glos. No more, he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Lord Hastings. Health and the happiness of many days
Attend upon your grace.
Glos. My good Lord Chamberlain!
W' are much beholden to your gentle friendship.
Has. My lord, I come an humble suitor to you.
Glos. In right good time. Speak out your pleasure freely.
Has. I am to move your highness in behalf
Of Shore's unhappy wife.
Glos. Say you? of Shore?
Has. Once a bright star that held her place on high:
The first and fairest of our English dames
While Royal Edward held the sovereign rule.
Now sunk in grief, and pining with despair,

65 *you.* 1733 follows with comma.
68 *sovereign.* 1733, sov'reign.

Her waining form no longer shall incite
Envy in woman, or desire in man.
She never sees the sun, but thro' her tears,
And wakes to sigh the live-long night away.
Glos. Marry! the times are badly chang'd with her
From Edward's days to these. Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping and playing, minstrelsie and masquing,
Till life fled from us like an idle dream,
A shew of mommery without a meaning.
My brother — rest and pardon to his soul! —
Is gone to his account; for this his minion,
The revel-rout is done — But you were speaking
Concerning her — I have been told that you
Are frequent in your visitation to her.
Has. No farther, my good lord, than friendly pity
And tender hearted charity allow.
Glos. Go to. I did not mean to chide you for it.
For, sooth to say, I hold it noble in you
To cherish the distress'd — On with your tale.

76 1714 B, 1733, 1746 omit comma after *feasting*. 1714 A and 1735 retain it.

81 *account*. 1714 B follows with comma instead of semicolon.
minion. 1714 A follows with period. 1714 B reading adopted here.

Has. Thus is it, gracious sir, that certain officers
Using the warrant of your mighty name,
With insolence unjust, and lawless power,
Have seiz'd upon the lands which late she held
By grant from her great master Edward's bounty.
Glos. Somewhat of this, but slightly, have I heard;
And tho' some counsellors of forward zeal,
Some of most ceremonious sanctity,
And bearded wisdom, often have provok'd
The hand of justice to fall heavy on her,
Yet still in kind compassion of her weakness,
And tender memory of Edward's love,
I have withheld the merciless stern law
From doing outrage on her helpless beauty.
Has. Good heav'n, who renders mercy back for mercy,
With open-handed bounty shall repay you:
This gentle deed shall fairly be set foremost,
To screen the wild escapes of lawless passion,
And the long train of frailties flesh is heir to.
Glos. Thus far, the voice of pity pleaded only;
Our farther and more full extent of grace
Is given to your request. Let her attend,
And to our self deliver up her griefs.
She shall be heard with patience, and each wrong

90 *is it.* 1733, it is.

At full redrest. But I have other news
Which much import us both, for still my fortunes
Go hand in hand with yours; our common foes,
The queen's relations, our new-fangl'd gentry,
Have fall'n their haughty crests — That for your privacy. *Exeunt.*

Scene II.

An Apartment in Jane Shore's house.

Enter Bellmour and Dumont.

Bellmour. How she has liv'd you 've heard my tale already;
The rest your own attendance in her family,
Where I have found the means this day to place you,
And nearer observation best will tell you.
See! with what sad and sober cheer she comes.

Enter Jane Shore.

Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
Or grief besets her hard. Save you, fair lady,
The blessings of the chearful morn be on you,
And greet your beauty with its opening sweets.

Jane Shore. My gentle neighbour! your good wishes still
Pursue my hapless fortunes: ah! good Bellmour,

117 *new-fangl'd.* 1714 B, 1733, new-fangled.

How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity;
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep:
Thy praise deserves a better tongue than mine
To speak and bless thy name. Is this the gentleman,
Whose friendly service you commended to me?
Bel. Madam! it is.
J. Sh. (*aside.*) A venerable aspect!
Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well try'd, and wise experience;
A friend like this would suit my sorrows well.
(*To Dumont.*) Fortune, I fear me, sir, has meant you ill,
Who pays your merit with that scanty pittance
Which my poor hand and humble proof can give.
But to supply those golden vantages,
Which elsewhere you might find, expect to meet
A just regard and value for your worth,
The welcome of a friend, and the free partnership

28 *proof.* 1735, 1746, F, roof.

Of all that little good the world allows me.
Dumont. You over-rate me much; and all my answer
Must be my future truth; let that speak for me,
And make up my deserving.
J. Sh. Are you of England?
Dum. No gracious lady, Flanders claims my birth;
At Antwerp has my constant biding been,
Where sometimes I have known more plenteous days
Than those which now my failing age affords.
J. Sh. Alas! at Antwerp! (*Weeping.*) — Oh forgive my tears!
They fall for my offences — and must fall
Long, long e'er they shall wash my stains away.
You knew perhaps — oh grief! oh shame! — my husband.
Dum. I knew him well — but stay this flood of anguish,
The senseless grave feels not your pious sorrows:
Three years and more are past since I was bid,
With many of our common friends, to wait him
To his last peaceful mansion. I attended,
Sprinkled his clay-cold coarse with holy drops,

According to our church's reverend rite,
And saw him laid, in hallow'd ground to rest.
J. Sh. Oh! that my soul had known no joy but him,
That I had liv'd within his guiltless arms,
And dying slept in innocence beside him!
But now his honest dust abhors the fellowship,
And scorns to mix with mine.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The lady Alicia
Attends your leisure.
J. Sh. I wish to see her. *Exit Servant.*
Please, gentle sir, one moment to retire,
I'll wait you on the instant; and inform you
Of each unhappy circumstance in which
Your friendly aid and counsel much may stead me. *Exeunt Bellmour and Dumont.*

Enter Alicia.

Alicia. Still, my fair friend, still shall I find you thus?
Still shall these sighs heave after one another,
These trickling drops chase one another still,
As if the posting messengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old time come back.
J. Sh. No, my Alicia,

51 *reverend.* 1733, rev'rend.
68 *back.* 1714 B follows with interrogation point.

Heaven and his saints be witness to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'er past,
That I could wish should take its turn again.
Alic. And yet some of those days my friend has known,
Some of those years, might pass for golden ones,
At least, if womankind can judge of happiness.
What could we wish, we who delight in empire,
Whose beauty is our sovereign good, and gives us
Our reasons to rebel, and power to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and sighing at our feet.
J. Sh. 'T is true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our English youth;
He was the very joy of all that saw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.
Impassive spirits, and angelick natures
Might have been charm'd, like yielding human weakness,
Stoop'd from their heav'n, and listen'd to his talking.

77 *power.* 1733, pow'r.
80 *feet.* 1714 B follows with interrogation point.
85–87 *Impassive . . . talking.* F omits.

But what had I to do with kings and courts?
My humble lot had cast me far beneath him;
And that he was the first of all mankind,
The bravest and most lovely, was my curse.
Alic. Sure, something more than fortune join'd your loves;
Nor could his greatness, and his gracious form,
Be elsewhere match'd so well, as to the sweetness
And beauty of my friend.
J. Sh. Name him no more:
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguish and these tears, these are the legacies
His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt see me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt see me,
E'er yet a few short days pass o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmost wretchedness.
The hand of pow'r has seiz'd almost the whole
Of what was left for needy life's support;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.
Alic. Joy of my life, my dearest Shore, forbear
To wound my heart with thy foreboding sorrows;
Raise thy sad soul to better hopes than these,
Lift up thy eyes, and let 'em shine once more,
Bright as the morning sun above the mists.

Exert thy charms, seek out the stern protector,
And sooth his savage temper with thy beauty:
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
He shall be mov'd to pity and redress thee.
J. Sh. My form, alas! has long forgot to please;
The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd,
No roses bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;
But haggard grief, lean-looking, sallow care,
And pining discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
One only shadow of a hope is left me;
The noble-minded Hastings, of his goodness,
Has kindly underta'en to be my advocate,
And move my humble suit to angry Gloster.
Alic. Does Hastings undertake to plead your cause?
But wherefore should he not? Hastings has eyes;
The gentle lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and easy, yielding to impression,
And catching the soft flame from each new beauty.
But yours shall charm him long.
J. Sh. Away, you flatterer!
Nor charge his generous meaning with a weakness

113 *spite.* 1714 B, spyht. 132 *generous.* 1733, gen'rous.

Which his great soul and vertue must disdain.
Too much of love thy hapless friend has prov'd,
Too many giddy, foolish hours are gone,
And in fantastick measures danc'd away:
May the remaining few know only friendship.
So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there; I will give up mankind,
Forget the transports of encreasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for its decay.

Alic. (*embracing*). Live! live and reign for ever in my bosom,
Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own;
And you, ye brightest of the stars above,
Ye saints that once were women here below,
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow.
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,
Then ev'ry other joy the world can give,
Let poverty, deformity and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth,
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor tast the bliss of your cœlestial fellowship.

J. Sh. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;
(*Giving a casket.*) Receive this all that I can call my own,

And let it rest unknown and safe with thee:
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.
Alic. My all is thine;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched:
But let thy fearful, doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done
Shall dye forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee;
Ev'n man, the merciless insulter man,
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
Shall pity thee, and with unwonted goodness,
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.
J. Sh. Why should I think that man will do for me,
What yet he never did for wretches like me.
Mark by what partial justice we are judg'd;
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse intail'd upon our kind,

178 *me.* 1714 B follows with interrogation point.

That man, the lawless libertine may rove
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love,
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor, weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray;
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame.
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain look back to what she was before,
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

Exeunt.

End of the First Act.

Act II. Scene I.

Scene continues.

Enter Alicia, speaking to Jane Shore as entering.

Alicia. No farther, gentle friend; good angels guard you,
And spread their gracious wings about your slumbers.
The drowzy night grows on the world, and now
The busie craftsman and the o'er-labour'd hind
Forget the travail of the day in sleep:
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness;
With meagre discontented looks they sit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.
Such vigils must I keep, so wakes my soul,
Restless and self-tormented! O false Hastings!
Thou hast destroy'd my peace.
(*Knocking without.*) What noise is that?
What visitor is this who with bold freedom
Breaks in upon the peaceful night and rest
With such a rude approach?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. One from the court,
Lord Hastings, (as I think) demands my lady.

Scene continues. F, an apartment in Jane Shore's house.
1–2 *No farther . . . slumbers.* F omits.

Alic. Hastings! Be still my heart, and try to meet him
With his own arts: With falshood — But he comes.

Enter Lord Hastings. Speaks to a servant at entering.

Lord Hastings. Dismiss my train, and wait alone without.
Alicia here! Unfortunate encounter!
But, be it as it may.

Alic. When humbly, thus,
The great descend to visit the afflicted,
When thus unmindful of their rest, they come
To sooth the sorrows of the midnight mourner;
Comfort comes with them, like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shades with her sweet influence,
And chears the melancholy house of care.

Has. 'T is true, I wou'd not over-rate a curtesie,
Nor let the coldness of delay hang on it
To nip and blast its favour like a frost;
But rather chose, at this late hour, to come,
That your fair friend may know I have prevail'd:
The lord protector has receiv'd her suit,
And means to shew her grace.

Alic. My friend! my lord!

Has. Yes, lady, yours: none has a right more ample
To task my power than you.

35 *power.* 1733, pow'r.

Alic. I want the words,
To pay you back a compliment so courtly;
But my heart guesses at the friendly meaning,
And wo' not die your debtor.
Has. 'T is well, madam.
But I wou'd see your friend.
Alic. Oh thou false lord!
I wou'd be mistress of my heaving heart,
Stifle this rising rage, and learn from thee
To dress my face in easie dull indifference:
But 't wo' not be, my wrongs will tear their way,
And rush at once upon thee.
Has. Are you wise!
Have you the use of reason? Do you wake?
What means this raving! this transporting passion?
Alic. O thou cool traitor! thou insulting tyrant!
Dost thou behold my poor distracted heart,
Thus rent with agonizing love and rage,
And ask me what it means? Art thou not false?
Am I not scorn'd, forsaken and abandon'd,
Left, like a common wretch, to shame and infamy;
Giv'n up to be the sport of villains tongues,

38 *wo' not.* F, would n't.
43 *'t wo' not be.* F, 't would n't be.
43 *wrongs will.* F, will would.
54 *the sport.* F omits *the.*

Of laughing parasites, and lewd buffoons;
And all because my soul has doated on thee
With love, with truth, and tenderness unutterable?
Has. Are these the proofs of tenderness and love?
These endless quarrels, discontents, and jealousies,
These never ceasing wailings and complainings,
These furious starts, these whirlwinds of the soul,
Which every other moment rise to madness?
Alic. What proof, alas! have I not given of love?
What have I not abandon'd to thy arms?
Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,
The peace of innocence, and pride of virtue?
My prodigality has giv'n thee all,
And now I have nothing left me to bestow;
You hate the wretched brankrupt you have made.
Has. Why am I thus pursu'd from place to place,
Kept in the view, and cross'd at every turn?
In vain I flie, and like a hunted deer
Scud o'er the lawns and hasten to the covert;
'Ere I can reach my safety, you o'ertake me

68 *I have.* 1733, I 've.

With the swift malice of some keen reproach,
And drive the winged shaft deep in my heart.
Alic. Hither you fly, and here you seek repose;
Spite of the poor deceit, your arts are known,
Your pious, charitable, midnight visits.
Has. If you are wise, and prize your peace of mind,
Yet take the friendly counsel of my love;
Believe me true, nor listen to your jealousie,
Let not that devil, which undo's your sex,
That cursed curiosity, seduce you,
To hunt for needless secrets, which neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet, but once known,
Shall sit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And banish the sweet sleep for ever from you.
Go too, — be yet advis'd, —
Alic. Dost thou in scorn,
Preach patience to my rage? And bid me tamely
Sit like a poor contented ideot down,
Nor dare to think thou hast wrong'd me — Ruin seize thee,
And swift perdition overtake thy treachery!
Have I the least remaining cause to doubt?
Hast thou endeavour'd once to hide thy falshood?

83 *undo's.* 1714 B, 1733, undoes.
92 *thou hast.* 1714 B, 1733, thou 'st.

To hide it, might have spoke some little tenderness,
And shewn thee half unwilling to undoe me.
But thou disdain'st the weakness of humanity;
Thy words, and all thy actions, have confess'd it;
Ev'n now thy eyes avow it, now they speak,
And insolently own the glorious villany.
Has. Well then, I own my heart has broke your chains.
Patient I bore the painful bondage long,
At length my generous love disdains your tyranny;
The bitterness and stings of taunting jealousie,
Vexatious days, and jarring joyless nights,
Have driv'n him forth to seek some safer shelter,
Where he may rest his weary wings in peace.
Alic. You triumph! do! And with gigantick pride
Defie impending vengeance. Heav'n shall wink;
No more his arm shall roll the dreadful thunder,
Nor send his light'nings forth. No more his justice
Shall visit the presuming sons of men,
But perjury, like thine, shall dwell in safety.

104 *generous.* 1733, gen'rous.

Has. Whate'er my fate decrees for me hereafter,
Be present to me now, my better angel!
Preserve me from the storm which threatens now,
And if I have beyond attonement sinn'd,
Let any other kind of plague o'ertake me,
So I escape the fury of that tongue.

Alic. Thy pray'r is heard, — I go, — but know, proud lord,
Howe'er thou scorn'st the weakness of my sex,
This feeble hand may find the means to reach thee,
Howe'er sublime in pow'r and greatness plac'd,
With royal favour guarded round, and grac'd;
On eagles wings my rage shall urge her flight,
And hurl thee headlong from thy topmost height;
Then like thy fate, superior will I sit,
And view thee fall'n, and groveling at my feet;
See thy last breath with indignation go,
And tread thee sinking to the shades below.
Exit Alic[ia].

Has. How fierce a fiend is passion. With what wildness,
What tyranny untam'd, it reigns in woman.

121 *but . . . lord.* F sets off as a separate half line.
126 *eagles.* 1733, eagle's.
129 *groveling.* 1714 B, 1733, grov'ling.
132 *fiend.* 1714 A, friend.

Unhappy sex! Whose easie yielding temper
Gives way to every appetite alike;
Each gust of inclination, uncontroul'd,
Sweeps thro' their souls, and sets 'em in an uproar;
Each motion of the heart rises to fury,
And love in their weak bosoms is a rage
As terrible as hate, and as destructive.
So the wind roars o'er the wide senceless ocean,
And heaves the billows of the boiling deep,
Alike from north, from south, from east, and west,
With equal force the tempest blows by turns
From every corner of the seaman's compass.
But soft ye now — for here comes one disclaims
Strife and her wrangling train. Of equal elements,
Without one jarring atom, was she form'd,
And gentleness and joy make up her being.

Enter Jane Shore.

Forgive me, fair one, if officious friendship
Intrudes on your repose, and comes thus late,
To greet you with the tidings of success.

135 *every*. 1733, ev'ry.
136–138 *Each . . . fury*. F omits.
138 *the*. 1714 B, their.
141–145. *So . . . compass*. F omits.
143 *and west*. 1714 B, from west.

The princely Gloster has vouchsaf'd you hearing,
To morrow he expects you at the court;
There plead your cause with never failing beauty,
Speak all your griefs, and find a full redress.
Jane Shore (*kneeling*). Thus humbly let your lowly servant bend,
Thus let me bow my grateful knee to earth,
And bless your noble nature for this goodness.
Has. Rise, gentle dame; you wrong my meaning much,
Think me not guilty of a thought so vain,
To sell my courtesie for thanks like these.
J. Sh. 'T is true, your bounty is beyond my speaking;
But tho' my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you;
And when it melts before the throne of mercy,
Mourning and bleeding for my past offences,
My fervent soul shall breath one prayer for you,
If prayers of such a wretch are heard on high,
That heav'n will pay you back, when most you need,
The grace and goodness you have shewn to me.

168 *If . . . high.* F omits.

Has. If there be ought of merit in my service,
Impute it there — where most 'tis due — to love;
Be kind, my gentle mistress, to my wishes,
And satisfie my panting heart with beauty.
J. Sh. Alas! my lord —
Has. Why bend thy eyes to earth?
Wherefore these looks of heaviness and sorrow?
Why breaths that sigh, my love? And wherefore falls
This trickling show'r of tears, to stain thy sweetness?
J. Sh. If pity dwells within your noble breast,
(As sure it does) oh speak not to me thus!
Has. Can I behold thee, and not speak of love!
Ev'n now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn,
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,
Till my soul faints, and sickens with desire;
How canst thou give this motion to my heart,
And bid my tongue be still?
J. Sh. Cast round your eyes
Upon the highborn beauties of the court;
Behold, like opening roses, where they bloom,

172 *there.* 1714 A inserts comma; 1714 B omits comma but inserts one after *due.*
178 *tears.* 1714 A misprints, teats.

Sweet to the sense, unsully'd all, and spotless;
There chuse some worthy partner of your heart,
To fill your arms, and bless your virtuous bed,
Nor turn your eyes this way, where sin and misery,
Like loathsome weeds, have overrun the soil,
And the destroyer Shame has laid all waste.
Has. What means this peevish, this fantastick change?
Where is thy wonted pleasantness of face?
Thy wonted graces, and thy dimpled smiles?
Where hast thou lost thy wit and sportive mirth,
That chearful heart, which us'd to dance for ever,
And cast a day of gladness all around thee?
J. Sh. Yes, I will own I merit the reproach;
And for those foolish days of wanton pride
My soul is justly humbled to the dust:
All tongues, like yours, are licens'd to upbraid me,
Still to repeat my guilt, to urge my infamy,
And treat me like that abject thing I have been.
Yet let the saints be witness to this truth,
That now, tho' late, I look with horror back,
That I detest my wretched self, and curse
My past polluted life. All judging heav'n
Who knows my crimes has seen my sorrow for them.

193–195 *where . . . waste.* F omits.
208–212 *Yet . . . them.* F omits.

Has. No more of this dull stuff. 'T is time enough
To whine and mortifie thy self with pennance
When the decaying sence is pall'd with pleasure,
And weary nature tires in her last stage.
Then weep and tell thy beads, when alt'ring rheums
Have stain'd the lustre of thy starry eyes,
And failing palsies shake thy wither'd hand.
The present moments claim more generous use;
Thy beauty, night and solitude reproach me
For having talk'd thus long — come let me press thee, *Laying hold on her.*
Pant on thy bosom, sink into thy arms
And lose my self in the luxurious fold.

J. Sh. Never! By those chast lights above, I swear,
My soul shall never know pollution more;
(*Kneeling.*) Forbear, my lord! — Here let me rather die;
Let quick destruction overtake me here;
And end my sorrows and my shame for ever.

Has. Away with this perverseness, — 't is too much —

215–219 *When . . . hand.* F omits.
220 *generous.* 1733, gen'rous.
223–226 *Pant . . . more.* F omits.
227 *die.* 1714 omits punctuation after *die.* 1714 B inserts comma.
228 *Let . . . here.* F omits.

(*Striving.*) Nay, if you strive — 't is monstrous affectation.

J. Sh. Retire! I beg you leave me —

Has. Thus to coy it! — With one who knows you too.

J. Sh. For mercies sake —

Has. Ungrateful woman! is it thus you pay My services? —

J. Sh. Abandon me to ruin Rather than urge me —

Has. (*pulling her*). This way to your chamber, There if you struggle —

J. Sh. (*crying out*). Help! oh, gracious heaven! Help! Save me! Help!

Enter Dumont; he interposes.

Dumont. My lord! for honors sake —

Has. Hah! What art thou? — Begon!

Dum. My duty calls me To my attendance on my mistress here.

J. Sh. For pity let me go!

Has. Avaunt! base groom — At distance wait and know thy office better.

Dum. Forego your hold, my Lord! 't is most unmanly This violence —

233 *mercies.* 1733, mercy's. 238 *honors.* 1733, honour's.
241 *For . . . go.* F omits.
243–245 *Forego . . . out.* F omits.

Has. Avoid the room this moment,
Or I will tread thy soul out.
Dum. No, my lord— 245
The common ties of manhood call me now,
And bid me thus stand up in the defence
Of an oppress'd, unhappy, helpless woman.
Has. And dost thou know me? Slave!
Dum. Yes, thou proud lord!
I know thee well, know thee with each advantage 250
Which wealth, or power, or noble birth can give thee.
I know thee, too, for one who stains those honors,
And blots a long illustrious line of ancestry,
By poorly daring thus to wrong a woman.
Has. 'T is wondrous well! I see my saint-like dame, 255
You stand provided of your braves and ruffians
To man your cause, and bluster in your brothel.
Dum. Take back the foul reproach, unmanner'd railer,
Nor urge my rage too far, least thou shoul'st find
I have as daring spirits in my blood 260
As thou or any of thy race e'er boasted.
And tho' no gawdy titles grac'd my birth,

259 *least.* 1733, lest.

Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants,
Yet heav'n that made me honest, made me more
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.
Has. (*draws and strikes him*). Insolent villain! Henceforth let this teach thee
The distance 'twixt a peasant and a prince.
Dum. Nay then, my lord, (*drawing*) learn you by this how well
An arm resolv'd can guard its master's life.
They fight.
J. Sh. Oh my distracting fears! hold, for sweet heav'n. *Dumont disarms Lord Hastings.*
Has. Confusion! baffled by a base born hind!
Dum. Now, haughty sir, where is our difference now?
Your life is in my hand, and did not honor,
The gentleness of blood, and inborn virtue
(Howe'er unworthy I may seem to you)
Plead in my bosome, I should take the forfeit.
But wear your sword again; and know a lord
Oppos'd against a man is but a man.

263–265 *Titles . . . sycophants.* F omits.
Dumont . . . Hastings. In 1714 follows, *They fight.*
272 *Oh . . . heav'n.* F omits.
274 *difference.* 1733, diff'rence.

Has. Curse on my failing hand! your better fortune
Has giv'n you vantage o'er me; but perhaps
Your triumph may be bought with dear repentance. *Exit.*

J. Sh. Alas! what have you done! Know you the pow'r,
The mightiness that waits upon this lord?

Dum. Fear not, my worthiest mistress; 't is a cause,
In which heav'n's guard shall wait you. Oh pursue,
Pursue the sacred counsels of your soul
Which urge you on to virtue; let not danger,
Nor the encumbring world, make faint your purpose.
Assisting angels shall conduct your steps,
Bring you to bliss, and crown your end with peace.

J. Sh. Oh that my head were laid, my sad eyes clos'd,
And my cold coarse wound in my shrowd to rest;
My painful heart will never cease to beat,
Will never know a moments peace till then.

Dum. Wou'd you be happy? Leave this fatal place,

284 *pow'r.* 1733, power. 289–290 *let . . . purpose.* F omits. 296 *moments.* 1714 B, 1733, moment's.

Fly from the Courts pernicious neighborhood;
Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty
Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,
And deadly ruin, wear the masques of beauty,
And draw deluded fools with shews of pleasure.
J. Sh. Where should I fly, thus helpless and forlorn,
Of friends and all the means of life bereft?
Dum. Bellmour, whose friendly care still wakes to serve you,
Has found you out a little peaceful refuge.
Far from the court and the tumultous city,
Within an ancient forest's ample verge,
There stands a lonely, but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience, and the use of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and pastures fair,
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance, seem dispos'd;
No neighbours, but a few poor simple clowns,
Honest and true, with a well meaning priest.
No faction, or domestick fury's rage,
Did e'er disturb the quiet of that place,
When the contending nobles shook the land
With York and Lancaster's disputed sway.

298 *Courts.* 1733, Court's.
306 *refuge.* 1733, 1746, put comma after *refuge* and period after *city*.

Your virtue, there, may find a safe retreat,
From the insulting pow'rs of wicked greatness.
J. Sh. Can there be so much happiness in store!
A cell, like that, is all my hopes aspire to.
Hast then, and thither let us wing our flight,
E'er the clouds gather, and the wintry sky
Descends in storms to intercept our passage.
Dum. Will you then go? You glad my very soul;
Banish your fears, cast all your cares on me;
Plenty, and ease, and peace of mind shall wait you,
And make your latter days of life most happy.
Oh, Lady! but I must not, cannot tell you
How anxious I have been for all your dangers,
And how my heart rejoyces at your safety.
So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood;
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;

324 *wing*. 1733, 1735, 1746, and F, take our flight.

Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there and wanders thro' the grove no more.
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mothers dear delight.

Exeunt.

343 *mothers.* 1714 B, 1733, mother's.

End of the Second Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Scene, The Court.

Enter Alicia with a Paper.

Alicia. This paper, to the great protector's hand,
With care and secrecy must be convey'd;
His bold ambition now avows it's aim,
To pluck the crown from Edward's infant brow,
And fix it on his own. I know he holds
My faithless Hastings adverse to his hopes
And much devoted to the orphan king;
On that I build: this paper meets his doubts,
And marks my hated rival as the cause
Of Hastings' zeal for his dead master's sons.
O jealousie! Thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms;
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness.
See where she comes! Once my heart's dearest blessing,
Now my chang'd eyes are blasted with her beauty,
Loath that known face, and sicken to behold her.

Act III. In 1714 A printed incorrectly Act II.
12 *Thou . . . bosoms.* F omits.

Enter Jane Shore.

Jane Shore. Now whither shall I fly to find relief?
What charitable hand will aid me now?
Will stay my failing steps, support my ruines,
And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?
Oh, my Alicia!
Alic. What new grief is this?
What unforeseen misfortune has surpriz'd thee
That racks thy tender heart thus?
J. Sh. Oh! Dumont!
Alic. Say! What of him?
J. Sh. That friendly, honest man,
Whom Bellmour brought of late to my assistance;
On whose kind cares, whose diligence and faith,
My surest trust was built, this very morn
Was seiz'd on by the cruel hand of pow'r,
Forc'd from my house, and born away to prison.
Alic. To prison, said you! Can you guess the cause?
J. Sh. Too well, I fear. His bold defence of me
Has drawn the vengeance of Lord Hastings on him.
Alic. Lord Hastings! ha!
J. Sh. Some fitter time must tell thee

18–22 *Now . . . Alicia.* F omits. 31 *said you.* F, and you.

The tale of my hard hap. Upon the present
Hang all my poor, my last remaining hopes.
Within this paper is my suit contain'd;
Here, as the princely Gloster passes forth,
I wait to give it on my humble knees,
And move him for redress.

She gives the paper to Alicia, who opens, and seems to read it.

Alic. (*aside*). Now for a wile
To sting my thoughtless rival to the heart;
To blast her fatal beauties, and divide her
For ever from my perjur'd Hastings' eyes:
The wanderer may then look back to me,
And turn to his forsaken home again;
(*Pulling out the other paper.*) Their fashions are the same, it cannot fail.

J. Sh. But see the great protector comes this way,
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.
Give me the paper, friend.

Alic. (*aside*). For love and vengeance!

She gives her the other paper.

Enter the Duke of Gloster, Sir Richard Ratcliff, Catesby, Courtiers, and other Attendants.

J. Sh. (*kneeling*). Oh noble Gloster, turn thy gracious eye,

44–45 *The wanderer . . . again.* F omits.
48 *Attended . . . courtiers.* F omits.

Incline thy pitying ear to my complaint,
A poor, undone, forsaken, helpless woman
Intreats a little bread for charity,
To feed her wants, and save her life from perishing.

Gloster (*receiving the paper, and raising her*).
Arise, fair dame, and dry your watery eyes.
Beshrew me, but 't were pity of his heart
That could refuse a boon to such a suitress.
Y'have got a noble friend to be your advocate;
A worthy and right gentle lord he is,
And to his trust most true. This present, now,
Some matters of the state detain our leisure;
Those once despatch'd, we 'll call for you anon,
And give your griefs redress. Go too! be comforted.

J. Sh. Good heavens repay your highness for this pity,
And shour down blessings on your princely head.
Come, my Alicia, reach thy friendly arm,
And help me to support this feeble frame
That nodding totters with oppressive woe,
And sinks beneath it's load.

Exeunt J[ane] Shore and Alicia.

Glos. Now, by my hollidame!
Heavy of heart she seems, and sore afflicted.
But thus it is when rude calamity

55 *watery.* 1733, wat'ry. 69 *it's.* 1733, its.

Lays its strong gripe upon these mincing minions;
The dainty gew-gaw forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at the shock. (*Seeming to read.*) What says her paper?
Ha! What is this? Come nearer, Ratcliff! Catesby!
Mark the contents, and then divine the meaning.
(*He reads.*) "Wonder not, Princely Gloster, at the notice
This paper brings you from a friend unknown;
Lord Hastings is inclin'd to call you master,
And kneel to Richard, as to England's king;
But Shore's bewitching wife misleads his heart,
And draws his service to King Edward's sons;
Drive her away, you break the charm that holds him,
And he, and all his powers, attend on you."
Ratcliffe. 'T is wonderful!
Catesby. The means by which it came,
Yet stranger too!
Glos. You saw it given but now.
Ratc. She cou'd not know the purport.
Glos. No, 't is plain —
She knows it not, it levels at her life;
Should she presume to prate of such high matters,
The meddling harlot! dear she should abide it.

Cate. What hand so'eer it comes from, be assur'd,
It means your highness well —
Glos. Upon the instant,
Lord Hastings will be here; this morn I mean
To prove him to the quick; then if he flinch,
No more but this, away with him at once:
He must be mine or nothing — But he comes!
Draw nearer this way, and observe me well.
They whisper.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Lord Hastings. This foolish woman hangs about my heart,
Lingers, and wanders in my fancy still;
This coyness is put on, 't is art and cunning,
And worn to urge desire, — I must possess her;
The groom, who lift his sawcy hand against me,
E'er this is humbled, and repents his daring.
Perhaps, ev'n she may profit by th' example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my pow'r.
Glos. This do, and wait me e'er the Council sits. *Exeunt Rat[cliffe] and Catesby.*
My lord, y' are well encounter'd, here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended,

How much for your good sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things shou'd be well.

Has. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

Glos. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear:
The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
And jealous doubts jar in our publick councils;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Lewd railings and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And publick trust 'twixt man and man are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Has. The resty knaves are overrun with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction:
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton and repine, it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glos. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and mis-rule o'erturn the realm
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak, hence comes the general cry
And sum of all complaint: 't will ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.
Has. 'T is true the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom,
So well support our infant sovereign's place,
His youths support, and guardian of his throne.
Glos. The Council, (much I 'm bound to thank 'em for it)
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of pow'r, and subject to controul,
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,

140 *general.* 1733, gen'ral.
146 *sovereign's.* 1733, sov'reign's.
147 *youths.* 1714 B, 1733, youth's.
148 *for it.* 1714 B, 1733, for 't.

I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the common weal.
Nor wou'd the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed titles.
Has. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this —
Glos. Ay, marry, but there is —
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How on a late occasion, Docter Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue, by right grave authority
Of learning and religion plainly proving
A bastard scien never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock? from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
His jolly match with that same buxom widdow,
The queen he left behind him —
Has. Ill befall
Such medling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples;
By heav'n 't is done in perfect spight to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine

What course the sovereign rule should take
henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their
brains,
Each day with some fantastick giddy change?
Glos. What if some patriot for the publick
good
Should vary from your scheme, new mold the
state?
Has. Curse on the innovating hand attempts
it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous heaven
In thy great day of vengeance! blast the tray-
tor
And his pernicious counsels; who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.
Glos. You go too far, my lord.
Has. Your highness's pardon —
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the
battles;
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,

191 *highness's.* 1714 B, 1733, highness'.

And cast beside some common way a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at every vein,
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction. Peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles. Low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land.
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set, once more, that scene of blood before us?

Glos. How now! So hot!

Has. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Glos. Is then our friendship of so little moment
That you could arm your hand against my life?

Has. I hope your highness does not think I meant it;
No, heaven forefend that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

195–196 *And cast . . . by.* F omits.

Glos. Oh! noble Hastings! nay, I must embrace you: *Embraces him.*
By holy Paul! y' are a right honest man;
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmize,
If when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
Has. Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay.
Oh! princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the publick safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
Glos. Enough of this: to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature;
I judge you by my self, a clear true spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom;
Farewel, and be my friend. *Exit Gloster.*
Has. I am not read,
Not skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.

225–234 *Accept . . . friend.* F omits.

The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'rest point, the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confest:
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond my self I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name,
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

Exit.

End of the Third Act.

Act IV.

Scene I continues.

Enter Duke of Gloster, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

Gloster. This was the sum of all, that he wou'd brook
No alteration in the present state.
Marry! at last, the testy gentleman
Was almost mov'd to bid us bold defiance;
But there I drop'd the argument, and changing
The first design and purpose of my speech,
I prais'd his good affection to young Edward,
And left him to believe my thoughts like his.
Proceed we then in this fore-mention'd matter
As nothing bound or trusting to his friendship.

Ratcliffe. Ill does it thus befall. I cou'd have wish'd
This lord had stood with us. His friends are wealthy,
Thereto, his own possessions large and mighty;

Scene continues. F adds, The Palace.

1 *all.* 1714 A has comma after *all*, semicolon after *brook*, and comma after *state*.

6 *purpose.* 1714 B, 1733, purport.

12 *His . . . wealthy.* F omits.

13–15 *Thereto . . . many.* F omits.

The vassals and dependants on his power
Firm in adhearance, ready, bold and many;
His name had been of 'vantage to your highness,
And stood our present purpose much in stead.
Glos. This wayward and perverse declining from us
Has warranted at full the friendly notice
Which we this morn receiv'd. I hold it certain,
This puling whining harlot rules his reason,
And prompts his zeal for Edward's bastard brood.
Catesby. If she have such dominion o'er his heart,
And turn it at her will, you rule her fate
And should, by inference and apt deduction,
Be arbiter of his. Is not her bread,
The very means immediate to her being,
The bounty of your hand? Why does she live,
If not to yield obedience to your pleasure,
To speak, to act, to think as you command?
Ratc. Let her instruct her tongue to bear your message;
Teach every grace to smile in your behalf,
And her deluding eyes to gloat for you;
His ductile reason will be wound about,
Be led and turn'd again, say and unsay,
Receive the yoak, and yield exact obedience.

Glos. Your counsel likes me well, it shall be follow'd.
She waits without, attending on her suit;
Go, call her in, and leave us here alone.
Exeunt Rat[cliffe] and Catesby.
How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this is:
A moppet made of prettiness and pride,
That oftner does her giddy fancies change
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colours. —
Now shame upon it! Was our reason given
For such a use! To be thus puff'd about
Like a dry leaf, an idle straw, a feather,
The sport of every whistling blast that blows?
Beshrew my heart, but it is wond'rous strange;
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in them
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.
Enter Jane Shore.
Oh! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
On this your grievance: and tho' some there are,
Nay, and those great ones too, who wou'd enforce
The rigour of our power to afflict you,

48–50 *Like . . . strange.* F omits.
56 *power.* 1733, pow'r.

And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you,
We 've ta'en you to our favour, our protection
Shall stand between, and sheild you from mishap.
Jane Shore. The blessings of a heart with anguish broken,
And rescu'd from despair, attend your highness.
Alas! my gracious lord! what have I done
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?
If in the days of all my past offences,
When most my heart was lifted with delight,
If I with-held my morsel from the hungry,
Forgot the widows want, and orphans cry;
If I have known a good I have not shar'd,
Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me,
Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the succour which I gave them not.
Glos. Marry, there are, tho' I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in affairs of state:
That you presume to prattle, like a busy body,
Give your advice, and teach the lords o' th' Council
What fits the order of the common-weal.
J. Sh. Oh that the busy world at least in this
Would take example from a wretch like me!
None then would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,

64–71 *If in . . . not.* F omits.
67 *widows.* 1733, widow's. *orphans.* 1714 B, 1733, orphan's.

Forget themselves, and what concerns their peace,
To tread the mazes of fantastick falshood,
To haunt her idle sounds and flying tales
Thro' all the giddy, noisy courts of rumour;
Malicious slander never wou'd have leisure
To search with prying eyes for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.

Glos. Go to! I know your power, and tho' I trust not
To every breath of fame, I 'm not to learn
That Hastings is profess'd your loving vassal.
But fair befall your beauty: use it wisely,
And may it stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large encrease,
And place you high in safety and in honour:
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring your self advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.

J. Sh. Oh! where or how? — Can my unworthy hand
Become an instrument of good to any?
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command.

81–84 *To tread . . . leisure.* F omits.
88 *power.* 1733, pow'r.

Glos. Why that 's well said — Thus then —
Observe me well.
The state, for many high and potent reasons,
Deeming my brother Edward's sons unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown —
J. Sh. (*aside*). Alas! for pity.
Glos. Therefore have resolv'd
To set aside their unavailing infancy,
And vest the sovereign rule in abler hands.
This, tho' of great importance to the publick,
Hastings, for very peevishness and spleen,
Does stubbornly oppose.
J. Sh. Does he? Does Hastings?
Glos. Ay, Hastings.
J. Sh. Reward him for the noble deed, just heavens:
For this one action guard him and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance;
Save him from wrong, adversity and shame;
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name even to time's end;
Let him know nothing else but good on earth,
And everlasting blessedness hereafter.
Glos. How now!
J. Sh. The poor forsaken, royal little ones!

108 *sovereign*. 1733, sov'reign. 118 *even*. F, e'en.
119–120 *Let him . . . hereafter*. F omits.

Shall they be left a prey to savage power?
Can they lift up their harmless hands in vain,
Or cry to heaven for help, and not be heard?
Impossible! O gallant, generous Hastings,
Go on, pursue! Assert the sacred cause:
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And save the friendless infants from oppression.
The saints shall assist thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy side.
Glos. You 're passing rich in this same heavenly speech,
And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My favour is not bought with words like these.
Go too — you'll teach your tongue another tale.
J. Sh. No, tho' the royal Edward has undone me,
He was my king, my gracious master still;
He lov'd me too, tho' 't was a guilty flame,
And fatal to my peace, yet still he lov'd me;
With fondness, and with tenderness he doated,
Dwelt in my eyes, and liv'd but in my smiles.
And can I — Oh my heart abhors the thought —
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right?

130 *The saints.* 1733, 1735, omit *The.*
132 *heavenly.* 1714 B, heav'nly.
139–141 *And fatal . . . smiles.* F omits.

Glos. Dare not, ev'n for thy soul, to thwart me further;
None of your arts, your feigning, and your foolery,
Your dainty, squeamish coying it, to me,
Go — to your lord, your paramour, be gone;
Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols over to him.
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will.
Do it, — or woe upon thy harlot's head.

J. Sh. Oh that my tongue had ev'ry grace of speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
Sweet as the poets numbers, and prevailing
As soft perswasion to a love-sick maid;
That I had art and eloquence divine,
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead till death the cause of injur'd innocence!

Glos. Ha! do'st thou brave me, minion! Do'st thou know
How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make thee;
That I can let loose fear, distress and famine,

144 *ev'n for.* F, e'en from.
155–156 *Sweet . . . maid.* F omits.
162–163 *That . . . world.* F omits.

To hunt thy heels like hell-hounds thro' the world;
That I can place thee in such abject state
As help shall never find thee; where repining,
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish,
Groan to the pitiless winds without return,
Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desart,
And curse thy life in bitterness of misery.
J. Sh. Let me be branded for the publick scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren, wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears,
E'er I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan who has none to save him.
Glos. 'T is well — we 'll try the temper of your heart.
What hoa! Who waits without?

Enter Ratcliff, Catesby, and Attendants.

Ratcliffe. Your highness pleasure. —
Glos. Go, some of you, and turn this strumpet forth;

169 *of misery.* 1733, 1746, and misery.
173 *barren.* 1733, 1746, omit comma after *barren;* 1714, A and B, 1735, insert comma.
178 *Your . . . pleasure.* F omits. *highness.* 1733, highness'

Spurn her into the street, there let her perish,
And rot upon a dunghill. Thro' the city
See it proclaim'd that none, on pain of death,
Presume to give her comfort, food, or harbour.
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
The purchase of her loose luxurious life,
We seize on, for the profit of the state.
Away! Be gone!

J. Sh. O thou most righteous judge —
Humbly, behold, I bow my self to thee,
And own thy justice in this hard decree:
No longer then my ripe offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet since 't is all my wretchedness can give
For my past crimes my forfeit life receive;
No pity for my sufferings here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

Exit J[ane] Shore guarded by Catesby and others.

Glos. So much for this. (*To Ratcliff.*) Your project 's at an end:
This idle toy, this hilding, scorns my power,
And sets us all at nought. See that a guard
Be ready at my call —

186 *The purchase . . . life.* F omits.
195 *sufferings.* 1733, suff'rings.

Ratc. The Council waits
Upon your highness leisure. —
Glos. Bid 'em enter.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Bishop of Ely, Lord Hastings and others, as to the Council. The Duke of Gloster takes his place at the upper end, then the rest sit.

Derby. In happy time are we assembled here,
To point the day, and fix the solemn pomp,
For placing England's crown with all due rites,
Upon our sovereign Edward's youthful brow.
Has. Some busy, meddling knaves 't is said there are,
As such will still be prating, who presume
To carp and cavil at his royal right;
Therefore I hold it fitting, with the soonest
T' appoint the order of the coronation;
So to approve our duty to the king,
And stay the babling of such vain gainsayers.
Der. (*to Gl*[*oster*]). We all attend to know your highness pleasure.
Glos. My lords! a set of worthy men you are,
Prudent and just, and careful for the state:
Therefore to your most grave determination,
I yield my self in all things; and demand

201 *highness.* 1714 B, 1733, highness'. *Bid 'em enter.* F substitutes: I 'll attend them.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham. F makes this Scene II.

205 *sovereign.* 1733, sov'reign.

What punishment your wisdom shall think meet
T' inflict upon those damnable contrivers,
Who shall with potions, charms, and witching drugs,
Practice against our person and our life.
Has. So much I hold the king your highness's debtor,
So precious are you to the commonweal,
That I presume, not only for my self,
But in behalf of these my noble brothers,
To say, whoe'er they be, they merit death.
Glos. Then judge your selves, convince your eyes of truth;
(*Pulling up his sleeve.*) Behold my arm thus blasted, dry and wither'd,
Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decay'd,
Like some untimely product of the seasons,
Rob'd of its properties of strength and office.
This is the sorcery of Edward's wife,
Who in conjunction with that harlot Shore,
And other like confederate midnight haggs,
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,
And conjurations horrible to hear,
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,
And set the ministers of hell at work,
To torture and dispoil me of my life.

218 *shall.* F, may. 222 *highness's.* 1733, highness'.
234 *confederate.* 1733, confed'rate.

Has. If they have done this deed —
Glos. If they have done it!
Talk'st thou to me of if's, audacious traytor!
Thou art that strumpet witch's chief abettor,
The patron and complotter of her mischiefs,
And join'd in this contrivance for my death,
Nay, start not, Lords — What hoa! a guard there, sirs! *Enter Guard.*
Lord Hastings, I arrest thee of high treason!
Seize him, and bear him instantly away,
He sha' not live an hour. By holy Paul!
I will not dine before his head be brought me:
Ratcliff, stay you, and see that it be done.
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.
Exeunt Gloster and Lords following. Manent Lord Hastings, Ratcliff and Guard.
Has. What! and no more but this — how? to the scaffold!
Oh gentle Ratcliff! tell me do I hold thee?
Or if I dream, what shall I do to wake,
To break, to struggle thro' this dread confusion?
For surely death itself is not so painful
As is this sudden horror and surprize.
Ratc. You heard, the duke's commands to me were absolute.
Therefore, my lord, address you to your shrift,

With all good speed you may. Summon your courage,
And be your self; for you must die this instant.
Has. Yes; Ratcliff, I will take thy friendly counsel,
And die as a man should; 't is somewhat hard
To call my scatter'd spirits home at once:
But since what must be, must be — let necessity
Supply the place of time and preparation,
And arm me for the blow. 'T is but to die,
'T is but to venture on that common hazard
Which many a time in battle I have run.
'T is but to do what, at that very moment,
In many nations of the peopled earth,
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me:
'T is but to close my eyes, and shut out daylight,
To view no more the wicked ways of men,
No longer to behold the tyrant Gloster,
And be a weeping witness of the woes,
The desolation, slaughter and calamities,
Which he shall bring on this unhappy land.

Enter Alicia.

Alicia. Stand off! and let me pass — I will, I must
Catch him once more in these despairing arms,
And hold him to my heart. — Oh Hastings, Hastings!

270–272 *'T is . . . me.* F omits.

Has. Alas! why com'st thou at this dreadful moment,
To fill me with new terrors, new distractions,
To turn me wild with thy distemper'd rage,
And shock the peace of my departing soul?
Away! I prithee leave me!
Alic. Stop a minute —
'Till my full griefs find passage. Oh the tyrant!
Perdition fall on Gloster's head and mine.
Has. What means thy frantick grief?
Alic. I cannot speak —
But I have murder'd thee. — Oh I would tell thee!
Has. Speak, and give ease to thy conflicting passions:
Be quick, nor keep me longer in suspence,
Time presses, and a thousand crowding thoughts
Break in at once; this way and that they snatch,
They tear my hurry'd soul. All claim attention,
And yet not one is heard. Oh speak and leave me,
For I have business would employ an age,
And but a minute's time to get it done in.
Alic. That, that 's my grief — 't is I that urge thee on,

290 *would tell.* 1714 B, F, could tell.

Thus hunt thee to the toil, sweep thee from earth,
And drive thee down this precipice of fate.
Has. Thy reason is grown wild. Could thy weak hand
Bring on this mighty ruin? If it could,
What have I done so grievous to thy soul,
So deadly, so beyond the reach of pardon,
That nothing but my life can make attonement?
Alic. Thy cruel scorn had stung me to the heart,
And set my burning bosom all in flames:
Raving and mad I flew to my revenge,
And writ I know not what — told the protector,
That Shore's detested wife by wiles had won thee
To plot against his greatness. — He believ'd it,
(Oh dire event of my pernicious counsel)
And while I meant destruction on her head,
H' has turn'd it all on thine.
Has. Accursed Jealousy!
O merciless, wild, unforgiving fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd mischief;
And murders all it meets. Curst be its rage,
For there is none so deadly; doubly curs'd

300 *hunt.* 1733, haunt. 315 *H' has.* F, He has.
315–331 *Accursed Jealousy . . . both.* F omits.
316 *unforgiving.* Emend. ed. 1714 A, and forgiving.

Be all those easy fools who give it harbour:
Who turn a monster loose among mankind,
Fiercer than famine, war, or spotted pestilence;
Baneful as death, and horrible as hell.
Alic. If thou wilt curse, curse rather thine own falshood;
Curse the lewd maxims of thy perjur'd sex,
Which taught thee first to laugh at faith and justice,
To scorn the solemn sanctity of oaths,
And make a jest of a poor woman's ruin:
Curse thy proud heart, and thy insulting tongue,
That rais'd this fatal fury in my soul,
And urg'd my veng'ance to undo us both.
Has. Oh thou inhuman! turn thy eyes away,
And blast me not with their destructive beams:
Why shou'd I curse thee with my dying breath?
Be gone! and let me sigh it out in peace.
Alic. Can'st thou — Oh cruel Hastings, — leave me thus!
Hear me, I beg thee — I conjure thee, hear me!
While with an agonizing heart, I swear
By all the pangs I feel, by all the sorrows,
The terrors and despair thy loss shall give me,
My hate was on my rival bent alone.
Oh! had I once divin'd, false as thou art,
A danger to thy life, I would have dy'd,

I would have met it for thee, and made bare
My ready faithful breast to save thee from it.
Has. Now mark! and tremble at heaven's just award;
While thy insatiate wrath and fell revenge
Pursu'd the innocence which never wrong'd thee,
Behold! the mischief falls on thee and me;
Remorse and heaviness of heart shall wait thee,
And everlasting anguish be thy portion:
For me the snares of death are wound about me,
And now, in one poor moment, I am gone.
Oh! if thou hast one tender thought remaining,
Fly to thy closet, fall upon thy knee,
And recommend my parting soul to mercy.
Alic. (*kneeling*). Oh! yet, before I go for ever from thee,
Turn thee in gentleness and pity to me,
And in compassion of my strong affliction,
Say, is it possible you can forgive
The fatal rashness of ungovern'd love?
For oh! 'tis certain, if I had not lov'd thee
Beyond my peace, my reason, fame and life,
Desir'd to death, and doated to distraction,
This day of horror never should have known us.

344–345 *and . . . from it.* F omits.
351 *portion.* 1714 A misprints, potion.
364 *Desir'd . . . distraction.* F omits.

Has. (*raising her*). Oh! rise, and let me hush
thy stormy sorrows.
Asswage thy tears, for I will chide no more,
No more upbraid thee, thou unhappy fair one.
I see the hand of heav'n is arm'd against me,
And, in mysterious providence, decrees
To punish me by thy mistaking hand.
Most righteous doom! for, oh! while I behold
thee,
Thy wrongs rise up in terrible array,
And charge thy ruin on me; thy fair fame,
Thy spotless beauty, innocence, and youth,
Dishonour'd, blasted and betray'd by me.
Alic. And does thy heart relent for my un-
doing?
Oh! that inhuman Gloster cou'd be mov'd,
But half so easily as I can pardon.
Has. Here, then, exchange we mutually for-
giveness.
So may the guilt of all my broken vows,
My perjuries to thee, be all forgotten,
As here my soul acquits thee of my death,
As here I part without one angry thought,
As here I leave [thee] with the softest tender-
ness,

379 *pardon.* F follows with the stage-direction: *Catesby enters, whispers to Radcliffe, goes off.*
380 *mutually.* F, mutual.
385 *thee.* 1714 A omits. 1714 B supplies *thee.*

Mourning the chance of our disastrous loves,
And begging heav'n to bless and to support thee.
Ratc. My lord, dispatch; the duke has sent to chide me
For loitering in my duty. —
Has. I obey.
Alic. Insatiate, savage, monster! Is a moment
So tedious to thy malice? Oh! repay him,
Thou great avenger, give him blood for blood:
Guilt haunt him! fiends pursue him! lightnings blast him!
Some horrid, cursed kind of death o'ertake him,
Suddain, and in the fullness of his sins!
That he may know how terrible it is
To want that moment he denies thee now.
Has. 'T is all in vain, this rage that tears thy bosom;
Like a poor bird that flutters in its cage,
Thou beat'st thy self to death. Retire, I beg thee;
To see thee thus, thou know'st not how it wounds me,
Thy agonies are added to my own,
And make the burden more than I can bear.

394–395 *Some . . . sins.* F omits.
398–400 *'Tis . . . death.* F reads: This rage is all in vain, that tears thy bosom. Retire, I beg thee.

Farewel — Good angels visit thy afflictions,
And bring thee peace and comfort from above.
Alic. Oh! stab me to the heart, some pitying hand
Now strike me dead.
Has. One thing I had forgot —
I charge thee by our present common miseries,
By our past loves, if yet they have a name,
By all thy hopes of peace here and hereafter,
Let not the rancour of thy hate pursue
The innocence of thy unhappy friend;
Thou know'st who 't is I mean; Oh! should'st thou wrong her,
Just heav'n shall double all thy woes upon thee,
And make 'em know no end — Remember this
As the last warning of a dying man:
Farewel for ever! *The guards carry Hastings off.*
Alic. For ever! Oh! for ever!
Oh! who can bear to be a wretch for ever!
My rival too! His last thoughts hung on her,
And, as he parted, left a blessing for her:
Shall she be blest, and I be curst, for ever!
No: since her fatal beauty was the cause
Of all my suff'rings, let her share my pains;

405 *above.* F adds: *Exit.*
406 *hand.* 1714 A, comma after this.
407 *me dead.* F adds stage-direction, *Re-enter Lord Hastings.*
409 *if yet they.* F, they have yet.
415 *make 'em.* F, make 'm.

Let her, like me of ev'ry joy forlorn,
Devote the hour when such a wretch was born:
Like me to desarts and to darkness run,
Abhor the day, and curse the golden sun;
Cast ev'ry good, and ev'ry hope behind;
Detest the works of nature, loath mankind;
Like me, with cries distracted fill the air;
Tear her poor bosom, rend her frantick hair,
And prove the torments of the last despair.

426–427 *Like . . . sun.* F omits.

End of the Fourth Act.

Act V.

Scene I. The street.

Enter Bellmour and Dumont, or Shore.

Shore. You saw her then?

Bellmour. I met her, as returning
In solemn penance from the publick cross.
Before her, certain rascal officers,
Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice,
Proclaim'd the tyrant Gloster's cruel orders.
On either side her march'd an ill look'd priest,
Who with severe, with horrid haggard eyes,
Did ever and anon by turns upbraid her,
And thunder in her trembling ear damnation.
Around her, numberless the rabble flow'd,
Shouldring each other, crowding for a view,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling;
Some pitying, but those, alas! how few!
The most, such iron hearts we are, and such
The base barbarity of human kind,
With insolence and lewd reproach pursu'd her,
Hooting and railing, and with villainous hands
Gath'ring the filth from out the common ways,
To hurl upon her head.

6–9 *On . . . damnation.* F omits.

Sh. Inhuman dogs!
How did she bear it?
Bel. With the gentlest patience.
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look;
A burning taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd
With loose neglect her lovely tresses hung;
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread;
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain,
While bare-foot as she trod the flinty pavement,
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with blood.
Yet silent still she pass'd; and unrepining
Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow
To heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,
And beg that mercy man deny'd her here.
Sh. When was this piteous sight?
Bel. These last two days.
You know my care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy means of your deliverance,
Which but for Hasting's death I had not gain'd.
During that time, altho' I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty messengers I 've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit convenience
To give her some relief; but all in vain.
A churlish guard attends upon her steps,

Who menace those with death that bring her comfort
And drive all succour from her.
Sh. Let 'em threaten.
Let proud oppression prove its feircest malice;
So heav'n befriend my soul, as here I vow
To give her help, and share one fortune with her.
Bel. Mean you to see her thus, in your own form?
Sh. I do.
Bel. And have you thought upon the consequence?
Sh. What is there I should fear?
Bel. Have you examin'd
Into your inmost heart, and try'd at leisure
The several secret springs that move the passions?
Has mercy fix'd her empire there so sure,
That wrath and vengence never may return?
Can you resume a husband's name, and bid
That wakeful dragon, fierce resentment, sleep?
Sh. Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my memory
To conjure up my wrongs to life again?
I have long labour'd to forget my self,

52 *several.* 1733, sev'ral.
57–69 *Why . . . Dumont.* F omits.

To think on all time, backward, like a space
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being;
But thou hast peopled it again; revenge
And jealousie renew their horrid forms,
Shoot all their fires, and drive me to distraction.
Bel. Far be the thought from me! my care was only
To arm you for the meeting: better were it
Never to see her than to let that name
Recal forgotten rage, and make the husband
Destroy the generous pity of Dumont.
Sh. Oh! thou hast set my busy brain at work,
And now she musters up a train of images
Which to preserve my peace I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep oblivion — Oh! that form!
That angel-face on which my dotage hung!
How I have gaz'd upon her! till my soul
With very eagerness went forth towards her,
And issu'd at my eyes — Was there a jem
Which the sun ripens in the Indian mine,
Or the rich bosom of the ocean yields,
What was there art cou'd make, or wealth cou'd buy,
Which I have left unsought to deck her beauty?
What cou'd her king do more? — And yet she fled.
Bel. Away with that sad fancy. —

69 *generous.* 1733, gen'rous. 72 *cast.* F, set.

Sh. Oh! that day!
The thought of it must live for ever with me.
I met her, Bellmour, when the royal spoiler
Bore her in triumph from my widow'd home!
Within his chariot by his side she sate
And listen'd to his talk with downward looks;
'Till sudden, as she chanc'd aside to glance,
Her eyes encounter'd mine — Oh! then, my friend!
Oh! who can paint my grief and her amazement!
As at the stroke of death, twice turn'd she pale,
And twice a burning crimson blush'd all o'er her;
Then, with a shriek heart-wounding, loud she cry'd,
While down her cheeks two gushing torrents ran
Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung —
Mov'd at her grief the tyrant ravisher,
With courteous action woo'd her oft to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead; but all in vain;
Ev'n to the last she bent her sight towards me,
And follow'd me — till I had lost my self.
Bel. Alas! for pity! Oh! those speaking tears!

87 *she.* 1714 A misprints, he.
91 *paint* 1714 A, 1735, 1746, point; 1776, paint.
95 *two.* 1733 omits.

Could they be false? Did she not suffer with you?
For tho' the king by force possess'd her person,
Her unconsenting heart dwelt still with you:
If all her former woes were not enough,
Look on her now, behold her where she wanders,
Hunted to death, distress'd on every side,
With no one hand to help; and tell me then,
If ever misery were known like hers?
Sh. And can she bear it? Can that delicate frame
Endure the beating of a storm so rude?
Can she, for whom the various seasons chang'd
To court her appetite, and crown her board,
For whom the foreign vintages were press'd,
For whom the merchant spread his silken stores,
Can she —
Intreat for bread, and want the needful rayment
To wrap her shivering bosom from the weather?
When she was mine, no care came ever nigh her.
I thought the gentlest breeze that wakes the spring
Too rough to breathe upon her. Cheerfulness
Danc'd all the day before her; and at night
Soft slumbers waited on her downy pillow —
Now sad and shelterless, perhaps, she lyes

117 *Can she.* See *Notes*, p. 219.
119 *shivering.* F, shiv'ring.

Where piercing winds blow sharp, and the chill rain
Drops from some pent-house on her wretched head,
Drenches her locks, and kills her with the cold.
It is too much — Hence with her past offences,
They are atton'd at full — Why stay we then?
Oh! let us haste, my friend, and find her out.
Bel. Somewhere about this quarter of the town,
I hear the poor abandon'd creature lingers:
Her guard, tho' set with strictest watch to keep
All food and friendship from her, yet permit her
To wander in the streets, there choose her bed,
And rest her head on what cold stone she pleases.
Sh. Here then let us divide; each in his round
To search her sorrows out. Whose hap it is
First to behold her, this way let him lead
Her fainting steps, and meet we here together.
Exeunt.

Enter Jane Shore, her hair hanging loose on her shoulders, and bare-footed.

Jane Shore. Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, oh! my soul!
For are not thy transgressions great and numberless?

141 *together.* F marks what follows: Scene II. A Street.

Do they not cover thee, like rising floods,
And press thee like a weight of waters down?
Does not the hand of righteousness afflict thee;
And who shall plead against it? Who shall say
To pow'r almighty, "Thou hast done enough":
Or bid his dreadful rod of veng'ance, stay?
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours
Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,
And lay thee down in death. The hireling thus
With labour drudges out the painful day,
And often looks with long expecting eyes
To see the shadows rise and be dismiss'd.
And hark! methinks the roar that late pursu'd me
Sinks like the murmurs of a falling wind,
And softens into silence. Does revenge
And malice then grow weary, and forsake me?
My guard, too, that observ'd me still so close,
Tire in the task of their inhuman office,
And loiter far behind. Alas! I faint,
My spirits fail at once — This is the door
Of my Alicia — Blessed opportunity!
I'll steal a little succour from her goodness,
Now, while no eye observes me.

She knocks at the door.

146–149 *Does . . . stay.* F omits.
152–155 *The . . . dismiss'd.* F omits.

Enter a Servant.

Is your lady
My gentle friend, at home? Oh! bring me to her. *Going in.*

Serv. (*putting her back*). Hold, mistress, whither wou'd you!

J. Sh. Do you not know me?

Serv. I know you well, and know my orders too.
You must not enter here.

J. Sh. Tell my Alicia,
'T is I would see her.

Serv. She is ill at ease,
And will admit no visitor.

J. Sh. But tell her
'T is I, her friend, the partner of her heart,
Wait at the door and beg —

Serv. 'T is all in vain —
Go hence, and howl to those that will regard you. *Shuts the door, and exit.*

J. Sh. It was not always thus; the time has been
When this unfriendly door that barrs my passage,
Flew wide, and almost leap'd from off its hinges
To give me entrance here; when this good house
Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me;

When my approach has made a little holy-day,
And ev'ry face was dress'd in smiles to meet me.
But now 'tis otherwise; and those who bless'd me
Now curse me to my face. Why should I wander,
Stray further on, for I can die ev'n here!
She sits down at the door.

Enter Alicia in disorder; two servants following.

Alicia. What wretch art thou whose misery and baseness
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

J. Sh. A very beggar, and a wretch indeed;
One driv'n by strong calamity to seek
For succour here; one perishing for want,
Whose hunger has not tasted food these three days;
And humbly asks, for charity's dear sake,
A draught of water and a little bread?

Alic. And dost thou come to me, to me for bread?
I know thee not — Go — hunt for it abroad,
Where wanton hands upon the earth have scatter'd it,

181 *approach has made.* F, approaches made.
185 *on.* F omits. *ev'n.* F, ee'n.
186 *thou.* 1714 A inserts interrogation point.

Or cast it on the waters — Mark the eagle,
And hungry vulture, where they wind the prey;
Watch where the ravens of the valley feed,
And seek thy food with them — I know thee not.

J. Sh. And yet there was a time when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her dearest blessing,
And mourn'd that live-long day she pass'd without me;
When, pair'd like turtles, we were still together;
When often as we prattled arm in arm,
Inclining fondly to me she has sworn,
She lov'd me more than all the world beside.

Alic. Ha! say'st thou! — let me look upon thee well —
'T is true — I know thee now — A mischief on thee! —
Thou art that fatal fair, that cursed she,
That set my brain a madding. Thou hast robb'd me;
Thou hast undone me — Murder! Oh my Hastings!
See his pale bloody head shoots glaring by me!
Give him me back again, thou soft deluder,
Thou beauteous witch —

200 *wind.* F, find.
205 *that.* F, the.
206–207 *When . . . arm.* F omits.
216–222 *Give . . . soul.* F omits.

J. Sh. Alas! I never wrong'd you —
Oh! then be good to me; have pity on me:
Thou never knew'st the bitterness of want,
And may'st thou never know it. Oh! bestow
Some poor remain, the voiding of thy table,
A morsel to support my famish'd soul.
Alic. Avant! and come not near me —
J. Sh. To thy hand
I trusted all, gave my whole store to thee;
Nor do I ask it back; allow me but
The smallest pittance, give me but to eat,
Lest I fall down and perish here before thee.
Alic. Nay! tell not me! Where is thy king, thy Edward,
And all the smiling, cringing train of courtiers,
That bent the knee before thee?
J. Sh. Oh! for mercy!
Alic. Mercy! I know it not — for I am miserable.
I'll give thee misery, for here she dwells;
This is her house, where the sun never dawns,
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof,
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.
Hark! something cracks above! it shakes, it totters!
And see the nodding ruin falls to crush me!
'T is fall'n, 't is here! I feel it on my brain!

1 Servant. This sight disorders her —
2 Servant. Retire, dear lady —
And leave this woman —
Alic. Let her take my counsel!
Why shou'dst thou be a wretch? Stab, tear thy heart,
And rid thy self of this detested being,
I wo' not linger long behind thee here.
A waving flood of blewish fire swells o'er me;
And now 't is out, and I am drown'd in blood.
Ha! what art thou! Thou horrid headless trunk!
It is my Hastings! See! He wafts me on!
Away! I go! I fly! I follow thee.
But come not thou with mischief-making beauty
To interpose between us, look not on him,
Give thy fond arts and thy delusions o'er,
For thou shalt never, never part us more.
She runs off, her servants following.
J. Sh. Alas! she raves; her brain, I fear, is turn'd.
In mercy look upon her, gracious heaven,
Nor visit her for any wrong to me.
Sure I am near upon my journey's end;
My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail,
And dancing shadows swim before my sight.

240–241 *this . . . counsel.* F omits.
244 *wo' not.* F, will not. 250–253 *But . . . more.* F omits.
255 *heaven.* 1733, heav'n.

I can no more (*lies down*). Receive me, thou cold earth,
Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,
And let me rest with thee.

Enter Bellmour.

Bellmour. Upon the ground!
Thy miseries can never lay thee lower.
Look up, thou poor afflicted one! Thou mourner
Whom none has comforted! Where are thy friends,
The dear companions of thy joyful days,
Whose hearts thy warm prosperity made glad,
Whose arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their bosoms? Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they said,
For sure thou art the sister of our loves,
And nothing shall divide us. — Now where are they?

J. Sh. Ah! Bellmour, where indeed! they stand aloof,
And view my desolation from a-far;
When they pass by, they shake their heads in scorn,
And cry, "Behold the harlot and her end!"

269 *Thus . . . thee.* F omits. 271–272 *For . . . us.* F omits.
275–276 *When . . . end.* F omits.

And yet thy goodness turns aside to pity me!
Alas! there may be danger, get thee gone!
Let me not pull a ruin on thy head!
Leave me to die alone, for I am fall'n
Never to rise, and all relief is vain.
Bel. Yet raise thy drooping head, for I am come
To chase away despair. Behold, where yonder
That honest man, that faithful brave Dumont,
Is hasting to thy aid! —
J. Sh. Dumont! Ha! where!
Raising her self, and looking about.
Then heav'n has heard my pray'r; his very name
Renews the springs of life, and chears my soul.
Has he then scap'd the snare?
Bel. He has, but see —
He comes, unlike to that Dumont you knew,
For now he wears your better angel's form,
And comes to visit you with peace and pardon.
Enter Shore.
J. Sh. Speak, tell me! Which is he? And oh! what wou'd
This dreadful vision! See it comes upon me —
It is my husband — Ah! *She swoons.*
Shore. She faints! Support her,
Sustain her head while I infuse this cordial

292 *And oh!* F, and ho!
295–299 *Sustain . . . anew.* F omits.

Into her dying lips — from spicy drugs,
Rich herbs and flow'rs the potent juice is drawn;
With wondrous force it strikes the lazy spirits,
Drives 'em around, and wakens life anew.
Bel. Her weakness could not bear the strong surprize.
But see, she stirs! and the returning blood
Faintly begins to blush again, and kindle
Upon her ashy cheek —
Sh. (*raising her up*). So, — gently raise her —
J. Sh. Ha! What art thou! Bellmour!
Bel. How fare you, lady?
J. Sh. My heart is thrill'd with horror —
Bel. Be of courage — Your husband lives! 'T is he, my worthiest friend —
J. Sh. Still art thou there! — still dost thou hover round me!
Oh save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!
Bel. 'Tis he himself! — he lives! — look up —
J. Sh. I dare not!
Oh that my eyes could shut him out for ever —
Sh. Am I so hateful then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I 'm grown
A burthen to the world, my self, and thee,
Wou'd I had ne'er surviv'd to see thee more.

302 *blush again.* F, flush.

J. Sh. Oh! thou most injur'd! — Dost thou live, indeed!
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head,
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns,
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, O night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever!
Sh. Why dost thou turn away? — Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair,
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love,
And all the longings of my first desires.
J. Sh. No, arm thy brow with vengeance; and appear
The minister of heav'n's enquiring justice;
Array thy self all terrible for judgment,
Wrath in thy eyes, and thunder in thy voice;
Pronounce my sentence, and if yet there be
A woe I have not felt, inflict it on me.
Sh. The measure of thy sorrows is compleat;
And I am come to snatch thee from injustice.

328–356 *And all . . . assistance.* F omits.

The hand of pow'r no more shall crush thy weakness,
Nor proud oppression grind thy humble soul.
J. Sh. Art thou not risen by miracle from death?
Thy shroud is fall'n from off thee, and the grave
Was bid to give thee up, that thou might'st come
The messenger of grace and goodness to me,
To seal my peace, and bless me e'er I go.
Oh let me then fall down beneath thy feet,
And weep my gratitude for ever there;
Give me your drops, ye soft-descending rains,
Give me your streams, ye never ceasing springs,
That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,
And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.
Sh. Waste not thy feeble spirits — I have long
Beheld, unknown, thy mourning and repentance;
Therefore my heart has set aside the past,
And holds thee white as unoffending innocence;
Therefore, in spight of cruel Gloster's rage,
Soon as my friend had broke my prison doors,
I flew to thy assistance. Let us haste,
Now while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
J. Sh. What shall I say to you? But I obey —
Sh. Lean on my arm —

J. Sh. Alas! I am wondrous faint:
But that 's not strange, I have not eat these three days.
Sh. Oh, merciless! Look here, my love, I 've brought thee
Some rich conserves.—
J. Sh. How can you be so good?
But you were ever thus; I well remember
With what fond care, what diligence of love,
You lavish'd out your wealth to buy me pleasures,
Preventing every wish: have you forgot
The costly string of pearl you brought me home
And ty'd about my neck? — How cou'd I leave you?
Sh. Taste some of this, or this —
J. Sh. You 're strangely alter'd — Say, gentle Bellmour, is he not? How pale
Your visage is become? Your eyes are hollow;
Nay, you are wrinkled too — Alas the day!
My wretchedness has cost you many a tear
And many a bitter pang, since last we parted.
Sh. No more of that — thou talk'st, but do'st not eat.
J. Sh. My feeble jaws forget their common office,

360 I *am.* F, I 'm. 361 *eat.* F, ate
362–379 *Look here . . . grows upon me.* F omits.

My tasteless tongue cleaves to the clammy roof,
And now a gen'ral loathing grows upon me —
Oh, I am sick at heart! —
Sh. Thou murd'rous sorrow!
Wo't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still!
Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent,
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not;
Grief masters ev'ry sense — help me to hold her —

Enter Catesby, with a Guard.

Catesby. Seize on 'em both, as traytors to the state.

Guard lays hold on Shore and Bellmour.

Bel. What means this violence!
Cate. Have we not found you,
In scorn of the protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
Sh. Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Æthiop to her!
Cate. You 'll answer this at full. — Away with 'em.

381 *Wo't.* F, Wilt. 384 *help . . . her.* F omits.
386 *violence.* Early eds. add the stage-direction here inserted after *state* in l. 385.

Sh. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we shall die together. —
Cate. Convey the men to prison; but for her,
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
J. Sh. I will not part with him — for me! — for me!
Oh! must he die for me?
Following him as he is carry'd off. She falls.
Sh. Inhuman villains!
Breaks from the Guard.
Stand off! the agonies of death are on her —
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.
J. Sh. Was this blow wanting to compleat my ruin!
Oh let him go, ye ministers of terror,
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.
Sh. Oh my love! —
Why have I liv'd to see this bitter moment,
This grief by far surpassing all my former!
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a pitious look,

396 *shall.* F, should. 404 *him.* F, me.
409–410 *Why . . . former.* F omits

As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou could'st not speak! —
J. Sh. Forgive me! — but forgive me!
Sh. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of heav'n to shew thee,
May such befal me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curst for ever.
J. Sh. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace —
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now —
Was there not something I wou'd have bequeath'd you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh mercy, heav'n!
Dies.
Bel. There fled the soul,
And left her load of misery behind.
Sh. Oh my heart's treasure! Is this pale sad visage
All that remains of thee? Are these dead eyes
The light that cheer my soul? Oh heavy hour!
But I will fix my trembling lips to thine,
Till I am cold and senseless quite, as thou art.
(*To the Guards, taking him away.*) What, must we part then? — will you —

424 *heav'n.* F omits the rest of the Act.

(*Kissing her.*) Fare thee well —
Now execute your tyrant's will, and lead me
To bonds or death, 't is equally indifferent.
Bel. Let those who view this sad example, know,
What fate attends the broken marriage vow;
And teach their children in succeeding times,
No common vengeance waits upon these crimes,
When such severe repentance could not save,
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave.
Exeunt.

FINIS

Finis. In the 1714 ed. follows an *Advertisement to the British Gentry* concerning a translation of Monsieur Wicquefort's *Ambassador*. The announcement of a page and a half, by Bernard Lintoth, is dated "Jan. 28, 1713–14."

EPILOGUE; SPOKEN BY MRS. *Oldfield.*

Ye modest matrons all, ye virtuous wives,
Who lead with horrid husbands decent lives,
You who for all you are in such a taking
To see your spouses drinking, gaming, raking,
Yet make a conscience still of cuckold-making,
What can we say your pardon to obtain?
This matter here was prov'd against poor Jane:
She never once deny'd it, but in short,
Whimper'd, — and cry'd, — sweet sir, — I 'm sorry for 't.
'T was well she met a kind, good natur'd soul,
We are not all so easy to controul:
I fancy one might find in this good town
Some wou'd ha' told the gentleman his own;
Have answer'd smart, — To what do you pretend,
Blockhead! — As if I must n't see a friend:
Tell me of hackney-coaches — jaunts to th' city —
Where shou'd I buy my china — Faith, I 'll fit ye —
Our wife was of a milder, meeker spirit:
You! — lords and masters! — was not that some merit?

Don't you allow it to be virtuous bearing,
When we submit thus to your domineering?
Well, peace be with her, she did wrong most surely,
But so do many more who look demurely:
Nor shou'd our mourning madam weep alone,
There are more ways of wickedness than one.
If the reforming stage shou'd fall to shaming
Ill-nature, pride, hypocrisy, and gaming;
The poets frequently might move compassion,
And with she *tragedies o'er-run the nation.*
Then judge the fair offender, with good nature;
And let your fellow-feeling curb your satyr.
What, if our neighbours have some little failing,
Must we needs fall to damning and to railing:
For her excuse too, be it understood,
That if the woman was not quite so good,
Her lover was a king, she flesh and blood.
And since she has dearly paid the sinful score,
Be kind at last, and pity poor Jane Shore.

Notes to Jane Shore

Title-page. Conjux . . . Curis. "Where her former husband answers her every mood." (*Aeneid*, VI, 473–74.)

111. Duke of Queensberry. Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry (1698–1778), was born at Edinburgh. In 1720 he married Lady Catherine Hyde, second daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, a very striking and brilliant figure in the literary society of London. She was a particular friend of the poet Gay, is supposed to have had a great influence over Pitt, and was, with her husband, the friend of Congreve, Pope, Prior, and Walpole. On the accession of George III, the Duke was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland and Lord Chief Justice. Rowe dedicates the play to this young Duke of Queensberry because of the support and friendship which the Duke's father had shown to Rowe, as recounted in the dedication. Rowe was under secretary to the Duke's father when the latter was Secretary of State for Scotland.

Dramatis Personae. Duke of Gloster. The Duke of Gloster was brother to Edward IV, who left two sons at his death. These princes the Duke of Gloster caused to be murdered in the Tower. He then succeeded to the throne as King Richard III. Vid. *Richard III.*

Dramatis Personae. Sir Richard Ratcliffe. He was one of the Duke of Gloster's most trusted followers. He fell by his side on Bosworth Field. Sir Thomas More describes him thus: a "knight whose service the Protector specially used in the execution of such lawless enterprises as a man that had been long secret with him, — bold in mischief, as far from pity as from all fear of God." More's *Works*, IX (1834 ed.), 262.

Dramatis Personae. Sir William Catesby. He was another of Gloster's henchmen who carried out legitimate and illegitimate measures for the Protector.

119, 3. The queen and all her upstart race. The Queen referred to is Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV.

She was the daughter of the Duchess of Bedford, and married Sir John Grey, by whom she had two sons, known later as the Marquis of Dorset and Sir Richard Grey. Three years after her first husband's death, she married Edward IV (1464), who raised various members of the Woodville family to positions of importance. The Queen and her relations were the objects of much jealousy on the part of the old nobility. Vid. *Richard III*, Act III, Sc. 7. Shakespeare describes the situation :

> *Glo.* Humbly complaining to her deity
> Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
> I'll tell you what; I think, it is our way,
> If we will keep in favour with the king,
> To be her men, and wear her livery :
> The jealous o'er worn widow, and herself,
> Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
> Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.
> . . . . . .
> *Glo.* We speak no treason, man : we say the king
> Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
> Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous;
> We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
> A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
> And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
> *Richard III*, Act I, Sc. I.

119, 5. Pomfret. At Pomfret were beheaded the Queen's brother, "the Earle of Ryvers, and the lord Richarde the quene's sone, Syr Thomas Vaughan and Sir Richard Haute." (Hall's Chronicle.) Earl Rivers, Anthony Woodville, was the patron of Caxton, and one of the most accomplished men of his day. After Edward IV's death, his two sons started from Ludlow Castle to London, under the care of the Queen's relatives, the Earl of Rivers, her uncle, Dorset and Sir Richard Grey, her sons by her first marriage, and an escort of 2000 horse. On the route Rivers and Lord Richard Grey met the Duke of Gloster at Northampton, who cunningly put them under arrest. Two months later, on pretence that they had been hatching a conspiracy in coming to London with concealed arms in the escort of the princes, Gloster had them put to death at Pomfret. Dorset escaped and later fled to Brittany. Gloster as Lord Protector now had the reins of power in his hands. The whole story is told in *Richard III.*

Vid. *Richard III*, Act. III, Sc. 3. Vid. *The True Tragedie*,

Shaks. So. Pub., Field, pp. 23, 29. Vid. "How Syr Anthony Wooduille, Lord Riuers and Scales, Gouernour of Prince Edward, was with his nephese, Lord Richard Gray and others, causelessle imprisoned, and cruelly murthered, A. D. 1483." *Mirror for Magistrates*, Haselwood ed., p. 249.

121, 33. **Hastings.** Hastings was Lord Chamberlain and Governor of Calais, and one of the executors of Edward IV's will, thoroughly devoted to the interests of the House of York. Vid. "How the Lord Hastings was betraied by trusting too much to his euill counsellour Catesby, and villanously murdered in the Tower of London by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, A. D. 1483." Ibid. p. 275.

122, 65. **Shore's unhappy wife.** Sir Thomas More relates that after the death of Edward IV, Jane Shore became the mistress of Hastings. This fact is changed by Rowe. In his life of Jane Shore, Rowe says it was Hastings who was in love with Jane Shore, and who, maddened because he could not get her, inflamed Edward IV with desire to see her and force her to yield to him as king.

124, 91. **Using the warrant of your mighty name.** This incident seems to have been devised by Rowe for the purposes of his plot at this juncture. Later, by Richard's order, Jane Shore is proclaimed outcast.

128, 57. **Alicia.** A personage invented by Rowe, who holds a relation to Jane Shore similar to that of Mistress Blage in Heywood's play and Mistress Blague of the old ballad.

132, 143. **live and reign forever in my bosom.** Cf. similar protestation in *The True Tragedie*, *Shaks. So. Pub.*, Field, p. 13; *Edward IV*, *Heywood's Dramatic Works* (1874), vol. I, pp. 149–150.

132, 156. **these jewels.** Cf. *Edward IV*, *Heywood's Dramatic Works* (1874), vol. I, p. 150.

133, 168–69. **The good . . . thou hast done.** Vid. *Introduction*, p. xix.

157, 70. **by my hollidame.** Vid. *Introduction*, p. xix.

159, 94. **I mean to prove him.** According to More, Catesby acted as spy between Gloster and Hastings.

> Goe, gentle Catesby,
> And as it were farre off, sound thou Lord Hastings
> How he doth stand affected to our purpose.
> *Richard III*, Act III, Sc. I.

162, 160. Dr. Shaw. He was brother of Edmund Shaw, a knight, then Mayor of London, and, as More says, of "no scrupulous conscience," in spite of being a doctor of divinity. More continues: "It was by the protector and his council concluded, that this Dr. Shaw should, in a sermon at Paul's cross, signify to the people that neither King Edward himself, nor the duke of Clarence, were lawfully begotten; . . . and also that dame Elizabeth Lucy was verily the wife of King Edward; and so the prince and all his children bastards that were gotten upon the queen." Gloster hoped by discrediting his own mother and by bringing into prominence an amour of Edward IV with Elizabeth Lucy, before his legitimate marriage with the Queen, to prove bastardy doubly on Edward himself and on Edward's children. After the sermon, which was coldly received, "The preacher got him home, and never after durst look out for shame, but kept him out of sight like an owl." Vid. *Richard III*, Act III, Sc. 7; *Edward IV*, *Shaks. So. Pub.*, Field, p. 163.

165, 215. Oh! noble Hastings! This dissembling character is attributed to Richard in all the accounts of him.

167, 1. sum of all. Cf. "The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd." (*Richard III*, Act II, Sc. 4.)

176, 182. See it proclaim'd. Vid. Churchyard's "How Shore's wife, King Edward the fourth's Concubine, was by King Richard despoyled of her goods, and forced to doe penaunce." *Mirror for Magistrates*, Haslewood ed., p. 461. Vid. also More's account: "As it were for anger, not for covertise, the Protector sent into the house of Shore's wife and spoiled her of all that she ever had, above the value of two or three thousand marks, and sent her body to prison. And when he had awhile laid unto her, for the manner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlain to destroy him; in conclusion, when that no color could fasten upon these matters, then he laid heinously to her charge, the thing that herself could not deny, that all the world wist was true, and that, nathless every man laughed at to hear it then so suddenly so highly taken, — that she was naught of her body. And for this cause, . . . he caused the Bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the cross in procession upon a Sunday with a taper in her hand."

p. 258. Both Rowe and Heywood and *The True Tragedie* follow the ballad version of the story rather than the historical fact as given by More above.

Vid. *The True Tragedie, Heywood's Dramatic Works* (1874), vol. 1, p. 35; and the full and very interesting picture of her penance, *Edward IV*, *Shaks. So. Pub.*, Field, pp. 161, 165–169.

177. Duke of Buckingham. He was descended through the female line from Edward III, and was a valiant supporter of the Duke of Gloster. When Buckingham claimed from him as king the rewards promised, the King refused. Buckingham then alienated, headed a rebellion, and was put to death. Vid. *Richard III.*

177. Earl of Derby. Lord Thomas Stanley, a powerful nobleman whom Richard dreaded but never proceeded against. Holinshed calls him a "wilie fox." Vid. *Richard III*, Act v.

177. Bishop of Ely. John Morton, Bishop of Ely, became, after Richard's death, Archbishop of Canterbury (1486) and Lord Chancellor (1487). It was this Bishop of Ely, in whose house More lived when he was a young man, who supplied More with the material for his life of Richard III, at the principal events of which the Bishop was often an eye-witness.

178, 232. the sorcery of Edward's wife. As a matter of history, Hastings was beheaded on the very day on which the Queen's kindred lost their lives at Pomfret. At the Council meeting described in this scene, More says: "Then said the Protector, 'Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress (the queen) and that other witch of her counsel, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body.' And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, where he showed a weerish, withered arm, and small as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave him, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel." They knew the queen would "of all folk least make Shore's wife of counsel, whom of all women she most hated. . . . And also no man was there present, but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth." Hastings answered, "'Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment.' 'What! (quod the Protector) thou servest me, I ween, with ifs and ands; I tell thee they have so done, and that I will

make good on thy body, traitor.' And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap. At which token given, one cried treason without the chamber. . . . And anon the Protector said to the lord Hastings, 'I arrest thee, traitor.' '' The version given in *Richard III* is similar but happy in brevity:

> *Glo.* Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
> Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up;
> And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
> Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
> That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
> *Hast.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
> *Glo.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
> Talk'st thou to me of 'ifs'?— Thou art a traitor:—
> Off with his head!—now by Saint Paul I swear,
> I will not dine until I see the same.

Vid. *The True Tragedie, Shaks. So. Pub.*, Field, p. 33.

188, 425. Devote the hour. Hold sacred or consecrate or hallowed.

189, 2. In solemn penance. Vid. **176, 182.**

193, 85. I met her. Cf.

> My mistresse, by a nobleman,
> I sent for to the king in a close coach,
> Shees gone with him. These are the news I bring.

Edward IV, *Heywood's Dramatic Works* (1874), vol. 1, p. 78. Vid. also p. 76.

Rowe in his account of the life of Jane Shore says it was Mistress Blague who acted as a procuress for the King in getting Jane Shore. It was from her house Jane Shore went to the King.

194, 117. Can she. Apparently Rowe felt some special force in the curious punctuation.

195, 132. this quarter of the town. It is commonly supposed that Shoreditch derives its name from the place where Jane Shore wandered as an outcast. It really got its name prior to Edward IV from the lord of its manor, Sir John Sordich. Vid. also Stow's *Survey of London*, Thoms ed., p. 158. An original portrait of Jane Shore hangs in the Provost's lodgings at Eton, another in King's College, Cambridge, both of which foundations she is said to have befriended, and a portrait bearing her name hangs in Hampton Court.

198, 186. **What wretch.** Cf. treatment of Mistresse Blage, *Edward IV*, *Heywood's Dramatic Works* (1874), vol. 1, pp. 160, 161. Cf. *True Tragedie*, *Shaks. So. Pub.*, Field, pp. 36–39.

203, 295. **Sustain her head.** Cf. the scene in *Edward IV*, *Heywood's Dramatic Works* (1874), vol. 1, p. 170, where Shore brings succour to his wife. Vid. *Edward IV*, *Heywood's Dramatic Works* (1874), vol. 1, pp. 182–183, for death of Jane Shore.

Appendices to Jane Shore

APPENDIX A

VERSIONS OF THE COUNCIL SCENE BETWEEN KING RICHARD AND HASTINGS

SIR THOMAS MORE

Thus many things coming together, partly by chance, partly of purpose, caused at length common people only, that wave with the wind, but wise men also, and some lords eke, to mark the matter and muse thereon; so far forth that the lord Stanley, that was after earl of Derby, wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the lord Hastings, that he much misliked these two several councils. "For while we (quod he) talk of one matter in the tone place, little wot we whereof they talk in the tother place." "My lord, (quod the lord Hastings) on my life never doubt you. For while one man is there, never can there be thing once minded that should sound amiss toward me, but it should be in mine ears ere it were well out of their mouths." This meant he by Catesby, which was of his near secret counsel, and whom he very familiarly used, and in his most weighty matters put no man in so special trust, reckoning himself to no man so lief, sith he well wist there was no man to him so much beholden as was this Catesby; which was a man well learned in the laws of this land, and, by the special favor of the lord cham-

berlain, in good authority, and much rule bare in all the county of Leicester, where the lord chamberlain's power chiefly lay. . . .

So surely thought he that there could be no harm toward him in that council intended where Catesby was. And of truth the protector and the Duke of Buckingham made very good semblance unto the lord Hastings, and kept him much in company. And undoubtedly the lord protector loved him well, and loath was to have lost him, saving for fear lest his life should have quailed their purpose. For which cause he moved Catesby to prove with some words cast out afar off, whether he could think it possible to win the lord Hastings into their party. But Catesby, whether he assayed him or assayed him not, reported unto them that he found him so fast, and heard him speak so terrible words, that he durst no further break. And of truth the lord chamberlain, of very trust, showed unto Catesby the mistrust that other began to have in the matter. And therefore he, fearing lest their motions might with the lord Hastings minish his credence, . . . procured the protector hastily to rid him.

Whereupon soon after, that is to wit, on the Friday, the [thirteenth] day of [June] many lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honorable solemnity of the king's coronation; of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victual killed therefore, that afterward was cast away. These lords so sitting together communing of this matter, the protector came in among them, just about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been asleep that day. And after a little talking with them, he said

unto the bishop of Ely, "My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them." "Gladly, my lord, (quod he,) would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that." And therewith in all the haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon after one hour, between ten and eleven, he returned into the chamber among them, all changed with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and frothing, and gnawing on his lips, and so sat him down in his place; all the lords much dismayed and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should ail him.

Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: "What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king, and protector of his royal person and his realm?" At this question, all the lords sat sore astonied, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wish himself clear. Then the lord chamberlain, as he that for the love between them thought that he might be the boldest with him, answered and said, "that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were." And all the other affirmed the same. "That is (quod he) yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her," (meaning the queen.) At these words many of the other lords were greatly abashed that favored her. But the lord Hastings was in his mind better content that it was moved by her, than by any other whom he loved better; albeit his heart somewhat grudged that he was not afore made of counsel in this matter, as he was of the taking of her

kindred, and of their putting to death; which were, by his assent before, devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self same day, in which he was not ware that it was by other devised that himself should the same day be beheaded at London.

Then said the protector, "Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch of her counsel, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body." And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, when he showed a weerish, withered arm, and small as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind sore misgave him, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For well they wist, that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also if she would, yet would she of all folk least make Shore's wife of counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was there present, but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth. Nathless, the lord chamberlain (which, from the death of king Edward, kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving, as it is said, he that while forbare her of reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) answered and said, "Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy heinous punishment." "What! (quod the protector) thou servest me, I ween, with ifs and ands; I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor." And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap. At which token given, one cried treason without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in come there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold.

And anon the protector said to the lord Hastings; "I arrest thee, traitor." "What! me, my lord?" quod he. "Yea, thee, traitor," quod the protector. And another let flee at the lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers, except the lord chamberlain, whom the protector bade speed and shrive him apace, "for by Saint Paul, (quod he) I will not to dinner till I see thy head off." It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift; for a longer one would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to till this were done, for saving of his oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a log of timber, and there stricken of, and afterward his body with the head interred at Windsor, beside the body of king Edward, whose both souls our lord pardon.

A marvellous case it is to hear, either the warnings of that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the self night next before his death, the lord Stanley sent a trusty messenger unto him at midnight, in all haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer to bide; he had so fearful a dream, in which him thought that a boar with his tusks so rased them both by the heads, that the blood ran about both their shoulders. And forasmuch as the protector gave the boar for his cognizance, this dream made so fearful an impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the lord Hastings would go with him, to ride so far yet the same night,

that they should be out of danger ere day. "Eh? good lord!" quod the lord Hastings to this messenger, "leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear fantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of his day thoughts? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams; which if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might be as likely to make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back? (as friends fail fleers.) For then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folk that fled from some falsehood. Wherefore, either is there no peril, nor none there is indeed; or if any be, it is rather in going than biding. And if we should needs cost fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer the men should see it were by other men's falsehood, than think it were either our own fault or faint heart. And therefore, go to thy master, man, and commend me to him, and pray him be merry, and have no fear; for I ensure him I am as sure of the man that he wotteth of, as I am of my own hand." "God send grace, sir," quod the messenger, and went his way.

Certain it is also, that in the riding toward the Tower, the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice stumbled with him almost to the falling; which thing each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whom no such mischance is toward, yet hath it been of an old rite and custom, observed as a token oftentimes notably foregoing some great misfortune. Now this that followeth was no warning, but an enemious scorn. The same morning, ere he were up, came a knight unto him, as it were of courtesy, to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the protector to haste him thitherward, with whom he was of secret confederacy in that

purpose, a mean man at that time, and now of great authority. This knight, when it happed the lord chamberlain by the way to stay his horse, and commune a while with a priest whom he met in the Tower-street, brake his tale, and said merrily to him, "What! my lord. I pray you come on; whereto talk you so long with that priest? You have no need of a priest yet," and therewith he laughed upon him as though he would say, "Ye shall have soon." But so little wist the tother what he meant, and so little mistrusted, that he was never merrier nor never so full of good hope in his life.

. . . . . .

Upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after, there met he with one Hastings, a pursuivant, of his own name. And at their meeting in that place, he was put in remembrance of another time, in which it had happened them before to meet in like manner together in the same place. At which other time, the lord chamberlain had been accused unto king Edward, by the lord Rivers, the queen's brother, in such wise that he was for the while (but it lasted not long) far fallen into the king's indignation, and stood in great fear of himself. And forasmuch as he now met this pursuivant in the same place, that jubardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof, with whom he had before talked thereof in the same place while he was therein. And therefore he said, "Ah! Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with a heavy heart!" "Yea, my lord, (quod he) that remember I well; and thanked be God they gat no good, nor ye none harm thereby." "Thou wouldest say so," quod he, "if thou knewest as much as I know, which few know else as yet, and mo shall shortly." That meant he by the lords of the queen's

kindred that were taken before, and should that day be beheaded at Pomfret; which well he wist, but nothing ware that the axe hang over his own head. "In faith, man," quod he, "I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great dread in my life, as I did when thou and I met here. And lo! how the world is turned. Now stand mine enemies in the danger (as thou mayest hap to hear more hereafter) and I never in my life so merry, nor never in so great surety." Oh! good God! the blindness of our moral nature! When he most feared, he was in good surety; when he reckoned himself surest, he lost his life, and that within two hours after.[1]

THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

Rich. Catesby, content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away.

Cates. Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause.

Rich. Go to no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirrha are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

Page. I my Lord, and giue diligent attendance vpon your grace.

Rich. Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

[1] *Library of Old English Prose Writers*, vol. ix. *Sir Thomas More*, p. 245, *et seq.*

Cates. I will my Lord. *Exit* [*with Richard*].

Page. Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that think his grace lieth neuer lòg inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Standley their best cappes: for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings and the Lord Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance.

Enter Richard, Catesby, and others, pulling Lord Hastings.

Rich. Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife: my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst: laie not Shores wife with thee last night?

Hast. That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If—

Rich. If, villain, feedest thou me with Ifs and ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away Sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight, & let his co-partner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excues him. *Exit with Hastings.*

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the

cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done.

Cates. I my good Lord, and finished too.

Rich. Well then about it. But hearst thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me king, which I hope shall be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the marke then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse.

Rich. And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receive her open penance, let her be turnd out-of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague: and let there be straight proclaimation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releeue her nor pittie her, and priuie spies set in eueru corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releeues her: for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her most unfamous aboue all. Have care now my boy, and winne thy maisters heart for euer.

Enter Shores wife

Shores. Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the king, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred. Ay why was I made faire that a king should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection, for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet king Edward, little didst thinke Shores wife should haue bene

so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer, shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here comes one to whom I haue done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will giue mee anything.[1]

SHAKESPEARE — RICHARD III

Buck. Go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To set about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glos. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

. . . . . .

[1] *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. 1, pt. ii, pp. 85–87. W. C. Hazlitt.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?
Glos. Chop off his head, man, somewhat we will do.

. . . . . .

SCENE 2. *Before Lord Hasting's house.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.
Hast. What is't o'clock ?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

. . . . . .

Mess. He sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit when he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;

And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. My gracious lord, I 'll tell him what you say.
Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe 'twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cates. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cates. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.
Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby, —
Cates. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! And so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Cates. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.
Exit Catesby.

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Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. 'T is like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside*]. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

. . . . . .

SCENE IV. *The Tower of London.*

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, and take their seats at a table.

Hast. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?
Der. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. Who, I, my lord! We know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now, in good time, here comes the duke himself.
Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part, —
I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the king.
Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well and loves me well.
Hast. I thank your grace.
Glou. My Lord of Ely!

Ely. My lord?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
Exit.

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Drawing him aside.
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow you.
Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd today?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

Glou. If! Thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As 't were triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!
Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt.*[1]

THE WOEFULL LAMENTATION OF JANE SHORE, A GOLDSMITH'S WIFE IN LONDON, SOMETIME KING EDWARD IV, HIS CONCUBINE. TO THE TUNE, "LIVE WITH ME."

If Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

1 *King Richard III*, Act III, Sc. 1, *et seq.*

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine ;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life ;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle ;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because chast love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd :

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose gallant friendship I esteemed deare,
Did saye, It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanced on highe
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
I made unto promotion climbe;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husband could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impared by my wanton shame;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great forte;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
And when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In s' amefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope therebye to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink, nor such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye,
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredom shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in his hand.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practice sin with everyone? [1]

1 *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Percy, vol. 2, p. 258. 1775. This ballad is printed from an old black letter copy in the Pepys collection.

APPENDIX B

A LIST OF ADAPTATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE TIME OF ROWE

(*The date of publication is given*)

1662. Romeo and Juliet. [Altered so as to make Shylock a low comedy character and to end happily with Romeo and Juliet alive. The playbill includes among the characters "Count Paris's wife." It was never printed.]

1670. The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island. Dryden and Davenant. [Written in 1667. Miranda is given a sister Dorinda who has never seen a man, and her lover Hippolyto has never seen a woman. Ariel is given a female companion and Caliban a female witch. Spectacular and musical features added. Reprinted in 1676, 1690, 1701.]

1673. The Merry Conceited Humours of Bottum the Weaver. [Ascribed to Robert Cox.]

1673. Macbeth. [A reprint of the First Folio with witch songs added. Vid. Furness.]

1673. The Law Against Lovers, [from *Measure for Measure*,] Davenant. [Acted in Feb., 1662. With this is combined the characters of Benedict and Beatrice from *Much Ado About Nothing*.]

1674. Macbeth, with all the alterations, amendments, additions and new songs. As it is now acted at the Duke's Theatre. Davenant. [Acted in 1672. The part of Macduff and his wife is made more prominent; a duplicate set of witches appear to Macduff as to Macbeth; on the whole, the play is singularly bad in treatment of plot and in diction. A chorus of fifty witches. Genest, I, 139.]

1675. The Mock Tempest, or The New Tempest, [a burlesque on Dryden and Davenant's version by] T. Duffett. [Genest, I, 160.]

1678. All for Love, or The World Well Lost. Dryden. [Based on *Anthony and Cleopatra*. (Vid. *Introduction*, p. xxxii.) Another edition, 1696. Genest, I, 225.]

1678. The History of Timon of Athens, the Man-hater. Thomas Shadwell. [Timon is given two mistresses, one of whom remains faithful. The theme of the play is thereby senselessly altered. Genest, I, 247. "In the dedication, Shadwell said he made the history of *Timon into a play* — some Frenchified definition of a play seems to have prevailed at this time, according to which Shakespeare's pieces were non-descripts."]

1679. Troilus and Cressida, or Truth found too Late. Dryden. [Cressida is made faithful and virtuous, because the hero or heroine of tragedy "should be virtuous." Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed more than satisfy poetical justice by their deaths. (Vid. *Introduction*, p. xxxii.) New edition in 1695. Vid. Genest, I, 266.]

1680. The History and Fall of Caius Marius. Otway. [From *Romeo and Juliet*. About half the play taken from Shakespeare. Vid. Genest, I, 283.]

1681. The Sicilian Usurper. Nahum Tate. [From *Richard II*. The character of Richard is more prominent, and York is devotedly loyal, though humorous in main intent. Another edition, 1691, Genest, I, 293. "Tate in his dedication boasts, that he has heightened the character of Richard II, and endeavoured to palliate his miscarriages, and in particular, that when he seizes Gaunt's property, he has made him promise to restore it with interest — that he has also softened the reproaches of Gaunt." Nevertheless the play was silenced on the third day by the authorities.]

1681. King Lear. Nahum Tate. [Cordelia marries Edgar and is happy ever afterward. The love-intrigue of Goneril and Regan with Edmund is made much of.]

1681. Henry VI, The First Part, with the murder of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, [added from Part II, as a closing scene. Crowne. It bitterly arraigns the Roman Catholics, and was opposed by the Popish faction at Court. Genest, I, 303.]

1681. Henry VI, Second Part, or the Misery of Civil War. [Made of Parts II and III by Crowne, with the addition of love-intrigues. Although much of this play was taken verbatim from Shakespeare, Crowne has the audacity to assert in the Prologue, "The Divine Shakespeare did not lay one stone." Genest, I, 305.]

1682. The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth. Nahum Tate. [From *Coriolanus*. The play is "modernized" by the addition of much bloodshed and dialogue to enforce the idea of passive obedience. (Vid. *Introduction*, p. xxxvi.) The fifth act is wholly Tate's. As illustration of the bloodshed, Coriolanus and Aufidius fight and are mortally wounded; Aufidius threatens to ravish Virgilia before her husband's face. Aufidius dies and then Virgilia. Nigridius boasts that he has racked young Martius. To Coriolanus's inquiry,

> Well, Cerberus, how then didst thou dispose him?
> Didst eat him?

Nigridius replies he threw him, but with all his limbs broken, into the arms of Volumnia. She kills Nigridius, and Coriolanus concludes the play with a dying speech. Genest, I, 327.]

1682. The Injured Princess, or The Fatal Wager. Tom Durfey. [From *Cymbeline*. There is duplication of characters in the play and long narrative passages in which nothing happens. Genest, I, 331.]

1687. Titus Andronicus, or The Rape of Lavinia. Edward Ravenscroft. [Acted in 1678. The changes are chiefly in the last act, in which much bloodshed is added. Genest considers the additions bad, but the alterations rather effective. Genest, I, 232.]

1692. The Fairy Queen, an Opera. [Author unknown. From *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Music by Purcell. "The character of Hippolita is omitted, a great deal of machinery, singing, and dancing, is introduced. In the last act, Juno appears in a machine; peacocks spread their tails and fill the middle of the theatre; the scene changes to a Chinese Garden where a Chinese man and woman sing; six monkeys dance; Oberon and Titania speak a sort of epilogue. Downes tells us that the Court and town were wonderfully satisfied with *The Fairy Queen*." Genest, II, 25.]

1698. Sauny the Scot. Lacy. [From *The Taming of the Shrew*. Acted in 1692. Shakespeare's induction is omitted and the play is turned into prose. The scene is changed to London. Grumio becomes a Scotchman. Genest, I, 69, II, 139.]

1700. King Henry IV, Part I, With the humours of Sir John Falstaff, revived with alterations by Thomas Betterton. [Genest, II, 219.]

1700. King Henry IV, Part II, with additions from *Henry V*. Betterton. [The great success with which Betterton had revived the *First Part of Henry IV* induced him to revive the *Second Part*. Not printed until 1719 (?).]

1700. Richard III. Colley Cibber. [Passages from other plays by Shakespeare are interpolated with Cibber's own composition. The version, however, held the stage longer than any other. Genest, II, 195.]

1700. Measure for Measure, or Beauty the Best Advocate. Charles Gildon. With four musical masques between the acts. All the comic characters are omitted. Gildon drew largely from Davenant's version, but without acknowledgment. The whole of the original first act is omitted except the scene between the Duke and Friar, which is, however, transposed. Genest, II, 221.]

1701. The Jew of Venice. George Granville, Lord Lansdowne. [From *The Merchant of Venice*. Vid. *Introduction*, p. xlix. The diction has been changed to wretched bombast. A music masque, *Peleus and Thetis*, is introduced in Act II.]

1702. The Comical Gallant, or the Amours of Sir John Falstaff. John Dennis. [From *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Omits much and changes the characters and adds Dennis's wretched verse in place of omissions. Dennis has written about half the dialogue afresh. He introduces one new character, the Host of the Bull; Mrs. Dorothy Tearsheet is substituted for Dame Quickly, — she enters once only; the character of Ann Page is greatly enlarged. Genest, II, 248.]

1703. Love Betrayed, or the Agreeable Disappointment. Charles Barnaby. [From *Twelfth Night*. The plot and incidents are from Shakespeare, but the dialogue is "improved" by practically entire rewriting. Genest, II, 291.]

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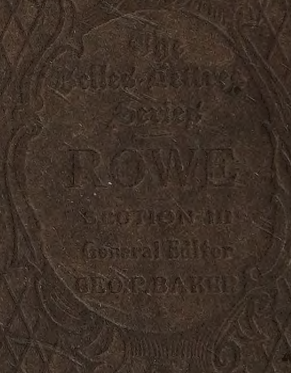
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